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Sports Illustrated

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Next Week

REJOICE, WIVES AND MOTHERS, the grand final kickoff of the season comes Sunday when the Philadelphia Eagles and the Oakland Raiders clash in Super Bowl XVI. Paul Zimmerman and a team of SI writers and photographers cover the big game

THE QUEST FOR PAR, one little par, takes George Plimpton and his bag of clubs to the Crosby Pro-Am and its Pebble beach, Cypress and Spyglass courses, and then, finally, in despair, indoors to a Golf-O-Rama resort far from the California shore

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SECOND-GUESSING THE SCRIBES

The Baseball Writers' Association of America last week elected Bob Gibson to the Hall of Fame. That's good news, but it doesn't make sense that Gibson should be the only player selected in a year in which Harmon Killebrew, the greatest righthanded home-run hitter in American League history, and Juan Marichal, whose pitching record was comparable to Gibson's, also became eligible for induction.

The incident in which Marichal hit Dodger Catcher John Roseboro over the head with a bat in a moment of rage no doubt cost him votes, but it must also be noted that both Gibson and Don Drysdale, who finished second to Gibson in the voting, were notorious "head hunters." The list of those slighted also includes Hoyt Wilhelm, the game's most accomplished relief pitcher; Nellie Fox, for many years the AL's premier second baseman; and Fox' double-play partner with the White Sox, Luis Aparicio, who was the best shortstop for more than a decade and deserves credit for reviving the lost art of base stealing. But then, shortstops have always been short-changed in the voting. Where have you gone, Phil Rizzuto, Pee Wee Reese and Marty Marion? Alas, not to Cooperstown.

The procedure for election to the Hall of Fame clearly needs reform. Only writers who have held association membership cards for 10 years are eligible to vote, but this doesn't prevent some writers from being wrongheaded or spiteful, witness the fact that such decent but hardly Hall of Fame-caliber performers as Glenn Beckert, Gates Brown, Leo Cardenas, Lindy McDaniel, Jim Northrup and Sonny Siebert received one vote apiece last week. The explanation may lie in the fact that to be eligible for induction, a player must appear on three-fourths of the ballots actually cast by the writers, who may vote for up to 10 players each. The New York Daily News' Bill Madden says, "Some of the older members don't think

any players of the modern era are worthy of the Hall of Fame. They may fill out a ballot ballot with only one name, say, Jim Northrup, on it. That way they use up their vote and deny players who should be in Cooperstown."

Siebert is now in real estate in St. Louis. He once pitched a no-hitter but never won more than 16 games in a season. "I was surprised I got a vote," he admits. "But the thing that shocked me the most is that Sam McDowell didn't get a single vote." McDowell, the American League's strikeout king in the late '60s, doesn't belong in the Hall of Fame, but he outperformed several other pitchers who received votes. Now an insurance man in Pittsburgh, he says, "The whole thing's a joke anyway. We're talking about the same people who made Early Wynn sweat to get into the Hall of Fame. All he ever did was win 300 games."

One measure the baseball writers can adopt is to make the ballots public, as with the MVP, Cy Young and Rookie of the Year voting. That way, voters would be held accountable for slighting worthy candidates. As things now stand, a player may be listed on the ballot for 15 years. If he doesn't make it to Cooperstown in that time, he has to wait another five years before the Veterans Committee can consider him. Because of that rule, Rizzuto and Reese are currently in limbo. Rule changes aside, however, it's the writers' minds that must change if deserving players are to find their way into baseball's shrine. As McDowell says, with some justification, "You can only hope that the next generation of writers will be less self-righteous."

WILL DR. J DELIVER, TOO?

In the spring of 1974, while his wife, Turquoise, was pregnant with their first child, Julius Erving led the New York Nets to the American Basketball Association championship. In the spring of 1976, with Turquoise expecting their second child, Dr. J again led the Nets to the ABA title. We're happy to report that

the arrival of the family's sixth member (besides 6-year-old Julius Winfield III and 4-year-old Jarmin, Turquoise has a child by a previous marriage) is expected soon after the conclusion of the 1981 NBA playoffs. Does this mean that Erving, who now plays for the Philadelphia 76ers, will lead his team to the NBA title? Philadelphia fans naturally hope so. Since the 76ers acquired Erving just before the 1976-77 season, the team has come close—but no cigar.

WYOMING

Lashed by frigid winds that whip across the campus from high, virtually treeless plains, the University of Wyoming has a history of losing its football coaches to warm-weather schools. The latest coach to depart for more agreeable climes is Pat Dye, who quit last month and went to Auburn after shivering through



just one season at Wyoming, during which he guided the Cowboys to a 6-5 record, their first winning season in four years. Forced to hire a new coach for the fourth time in six years, Wyoming earlier this month tapped Georgia-born Al Kincaid, the team's former offensive coordinator, for the job, then took a step calculated to keep him around a while. The school agreed to pay Kincaid a \$45,000 salary, but specified that \$700 per month from that amount be placed in an interest-bearing escrow account payable to him only upon completion of his full three-year contract. In other words, now even part of the Wyoming coach's pay is frozen.

THE WRONG CLIMATE

The news that two or more members of the 1978-79 Boston College basketball team are under investigation for alleged

continued

ly accepting bribes from gamblers to shave points is jolting. It particularly disturbs Bill Esposito, the sports-information director at St. John's, whose 85-76 win over B.C. that season—the Redmen were favored by 8½ points—happens to be one of the games that have aroused suspicions. Esposito is a past president of the College Sports Information Directors of America and, with several others in that organization, has been warning for some time now that heavy betting could result in point-shaving scandals like those that rocked college basketball in the 1950s and 1960s. Esposito lamented last week that those warnings have had little effect. "It's like hollering at people that a train is coming, but for some reason they can't get off the track," he said.

Sports information directors have reason to be interested in the problem of gambling because gamblers are interested in them; they're the conduits of injury information and other intelligence of concern to bettors. Esposito and a few like-minded colleagues have repeatedly cited a number of prevalent danger signs, including bookies posing as sportswriters to get inside dope, colleges willingly providing information to tout sheets, the running of point spreads in many daily newspapers and the failure of coaches to be more vigilant about shooing away unsavory characters who hang around practices. Such laxity also concerns Virginia Coach Terry Holland, who says, "Gambling seems to be more and more popular, and we have created a climate where it almost seems legal to bet on games. Anytime you do that, you're asking for trouble." Though still only in the investigation stage, the Boston College situation suggests that real trouble may have arrived.

GLOSS XV

Jarvis Astaire, who, among other endeavors, puts on closed-circuit soccer and boxing telecasts in Great Britain, was dining in a London restaurant when a couple of Americans approached his table and asked why he didn't arrange to bring the telecast of Super Bowl XV to England. It thereupon occurred to Astaire, who calls himself "a considerable Americanophile," that he wouldn't mind seeing the game himself. The result was Astaire's announcement last week that a closed-circuit telecast of the Super Bowl would be carried in a 2,500-seat London theater, the Odeon Leicester

Square. Kickoff will be at 11 p.m. London time, with tickets selling for \$24 and \$36.

News of the telecast caused confusion among some British reporters, who at first thought Astaire was talking about the North American Soccer League's championship event, the Soccer Bowl. But they soon straightened things out well enough that *The Daily Express* was able to describe the Super Bowl to its readers as "American gridiron football's glossier version of our Cup final."

Astaire said he hoped the telecast would appeal to Britons as well as Americans living in England. The fact that the William Hill betting shops, of which Astaire is a director, plan to accept action on the game—on both an odds and point-spread basis—undoubtedly will stimulate interest. To convey a bit of the event's flavor, popcorn, hot dogs and U.S. beer will be sold, and team T-shirts and official programs will be flown in. Astaire hopes to recruit as cheerleaders American women studying in England. However, he expresses regret that the Cowboys aren't in the Super Bowl. Because of the popularity of the TV series *Dallas*, he says, that city is now better known in England than Oakland, Philadelphia or, for that matter, New York.

DUTCH VS. THE MOOSE

Reminiscing about his days as a 175-pound football guard at Eureka (Ill.) College, Ronald Reagan has more than once mentioned George Musso, a lineman for a Mullikin (Ill.) College team that in 1929 trounced Dutch Reagan's team 45-6. At a time when few football players carried such tonnage, Musso weighed 260-plus pounds and was so potent a force that he later played a dozen years with the Chicago Bears, twice making the all-NFL team. In a recent interview with CBS Sports' Vin Scully, Reagan said of his confrontation with the man known as Moose, "It was a very busy evening." Reagan added that things were particularly "hairy" on defense.

Musso, 70, now retired in Edwardsville, Ill. after having served as sheriff and county treasurer there for two decades, has also professed to remember playing against Reagan. "I had him by about 100 pounds, but it didn't make a heck of a lot of difference when you play against someone else who is much faster," he recently told the *Washington Post*. "A lot of times he was by me before I could block him." When he and Reagan made

contact, Musso continued, "I always got the best of him. If I got him halfway standing up, I'd bowl him over. But he was smart enough most of the time to stay around the ankles. He was a damn nuisance, I'll tell you that." Musso also recounts the following exchange:

Musso: "Why are you around my ankles all the time?"

Reagan: "You take care of your position and I'll take care of mine."

Maybe it's not surprising that Reagan would still remember knocking heads with a bruiser like Musso. But could Musso possibly remember Reagan in such vivid detail? As a matter of fact, in an interview with SL's Bruce Anderson a couple of weeks before his account of their confrontation appeared in the *Post*, Musso had said, "I remember playing Eureka, but I don't remember playing against Reagan."

Anderson got back to Musso and asked how his memory could possibly have undergone such a vast improvement. Musso was slightly sheepish. He admitted that until being recently set straight on the subject, he thought he'd played against Reagan twice instead of just once. He further said it was difficult for him to distinguish what he remembered firsthand of the 1929 Eureka game from what he had managed to reconstruct over the years through conversations with others, including Reagan, with whom he has chatted during the latter's visits home to Illinois. It may also be that Musso, who said he's "damn proud" that Reagan sees fit to mention him, didn't want not to remember the man who was to be inaugurated this week as the nation's 40th President. At any rate, Musso said that his *Post* interview did accurately reflect the type of football player Reagan was. "It always happens when you get a smaller man in front of you," Musso said. "He's going to outsmart you by being quicker. It's just normal."

THEY SAID IT

● Gus Grason, coach of Towson (Md.) Catholic's girls' basketball team, following a 74-51 loss to DuVal High of Lanham, Md.: "It was an 'aw' game. We were awful and they were awesome."

● Bob Braghetta, San Francisco soccer promoter, on the failure of the U.S. soccer boom to produce world-class talent: "It's like having a jug full of wine with a tiny spout. It's there but we're not getting it."

END



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Borg hasn't won the U.S. Open in Queens, so when it comes to New York City, he'll take Manhattan

If the Grand Prix Masters tennis tournament were a midterm exam, it might go something like this:

True or false: 1) Bjorn Borg lost two penalty points by arguing (what?) over a line call but won another point without even holding onto his racket. 2) John McEnroe lost all three of his singles matches but won a standing ovation (what?) by slamming a ball into the seats.

Multiple choice: Which one of the following denizens of Madison Square Garden positively, cross his heart, didn't blatantly go into the tank?

a) Borg, b) McEnroe, c) Ivan Lendl, d) Andy Warhol.

Short Answer Question: Describe Lendl's appearance and haberdashery without using any terms usually associated with punk rock or the plumbing trade.

Essay Question: Explain in 25,000 words or less why the Masters is often the most chaotic, frustrating and outrageous excuse for a tennis tournament there is. Also, why it's sometimes the best.

If anyone answered true, true, D, enigmatic and impossible, he should instantly begin constructing a different round-robin format under which the Masters could be played, so that the potential for at least some of these peculiar goings-on might be erased. Not that any system necessarily would have changed the lineup for Sunday's final, in which the defending champion, Borg, met the wonder Czech, Lendl, in a rather anticlimactic encounter reminiscent of last year's closing match, in which Vitas Gerulaitis (R.I.P., Tiny Dancer) won just four games in two sets off Borg. This time the 20-year-old Lendl—not yet ready for the big victory on the big occasion—got eight games in three sets, Borg cruising 6-4, 6-2, 6-2.

Borg's awesome display aside, this result didn't live up to the mostly magnificent tennis that had been dis-

continued

A LESSON FROM



Lendl easily quelled for the serve, then routed Mayer, but in the final against Borg he was Ivan the Terrible

A MASTER

In a showdown among the eight top tennis players of last year, Bjorn Borg left no doubt that he is still in a class by himself **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



Uncharacteristically arguing a close call, Borg was penalized two points for overstaying his welcome

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOSS JR.

And it was. McEnroe's rhythm and texture were missing early as Borg won the first set 6-4, and Bjorn came from behind in the second to serve for the match at 6-5. But another dramatic chapter in the rivalry quickly unfolded after McEnroe struck a winning lob and a drop volley to square the set.

At 3-all in the tie-breaker, Borg's forehand pass was signaled good by the base linesman, but Umpire Mike Lugg, an Englishman sporting a handlebar moustache whose handlebars had apparently fallen off, overruled him, giving McEnroe the point and a 4-3 lead. Then a funny thing happened. Borg frowned. He strolled to the chair. He... yes, he... disputed the call. (Quick, phone *That's Incredible*!) With the crowd booing and whistling, Borg quietly implored Lugg to ask the linesman about the call. Lugg would not. Lugg ordered Borg to continue play and put the 30-second clock on him. Borg stood his ground. Lugg awarded a delay-of-game penalty point to McEnroe.

"I couldn't believe it," McEnroe remembered thinking. "Just imagine what the crowd would have done to me in that situation."

Dick Robertson, chief of the Grand Prix supervisors, came out to talk to Borg. Still Bjorn stood by the chair. Lugg gave McEnroe a second penalty point. Then,

THE MASTERS *continued*

played all week. That is, of course, when certain people were trying.

Which was only some of the time, under the Masters' bizarre use of a preliminary round robin to eliminate four of the eight competitors. Take Lendl in his last preliminary match, against Jimmy Connors. Connors prevailed 7-6, 6-1 when Lendl became Ivan the Terrible in the second set. Or consider Borg in his final preliminary, against Gene Mayer, which Mayer won 6-0, 6-3. Borg loses love-6? Case closed on the need for a revamped system.

As it was, McEnroe was the only member of the three musketankers to own up to taking a dive. Came right out with it, Junior did. "I wasn't into it," he said after falling 6-3, 6-0 to Jose Luis Clerc in their round-robin—make that lame-duck—final. "Maybe it would've been better not to play at all, but I didn't want to create a scene."

Speaking of which, before the scenario becomes any more complicated, one needs to go back to the beginning of the tournament and the man who was ultimately responsible for the skulduggery to follow: Mayer.

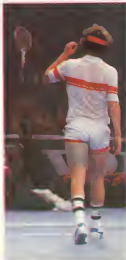
Even with the presence of the usual Masters heavies and Lendl, the most intriguing figure in the draw was the baby-faced, silver-tongued Mayer. After all, it isn't often one finds a 6-foot, 150-

pounder who's a notorious trencherman, but Mayer has downed a dozen eggs or several pounds of vegetables or seven Big Macs—Tom Gullickson counted 'em—at a single sitting. He's also the heretofore unknown brother of veteran Sandy Mayer and a gambler who washbuckles his oversized Prince racket two-handed from both sides. And he's the touch artist who, despite a string of injuries over the past three years, has jumped from 148th in the world computer standings to 12th to fourth. That's Gene Mayer.

On opening night in New York he created total havoc by jumping all over McEnroe, beating him 3-6, 7-6, 6-2 despite 17 aces from Junior, who had to battle stomach pains, a pulled muscle in his left leg and his chronic sore back in addition to the voracious Mayer.

What this upset, combined with Mayer's subsequent 6-3, 7-5 victory over Clerc, did was force McEnroe into the position of having to defeat his partner-in-legend, Borg, on Thursday night to remain alive in the tournament. Oh, what a night it was! The Knicks and the Rangers should have such good times at the Garden. Scalpers (cleaning up at \$40 per); celebrities (Warhol, David Merrick, Robert Duvall, Henry Kissinger); a packed house (19,103); heavyweight championship atmosphere (Raging Mac vs. Sugar Bjorn). Even Connors, who has been eclipsed by the two younger men, called it "another classic matchup."

The Masters was no Borg for injured McEnroe



almost imperceptibly, Borg glanced at his mentor, Lennart Bergelin, in the stands. Bergelin slowly stood up and sat down again. Borg walked out to resume play.

"I was very mad, very disappointed," he said later. Did he think about quitting? "No."

Behind now 6-3 in the tie-breaker, Borg banged an out-ball to lose the set. But immediately he became much more aggressive. Both men served two love games in the third set, and McEnroe once purposely drilled the ball into the crowd to give Borg a point another call had denied him. Junior then bowed deeply as the cheering swelled. There were no break points as the great rivals battled to yet another tie-breaker.

This time, at 2-3 on serve, McEnroe's southpaw slice delivery wasn't wide enough, and Borg cracked a backhand return winner. That was the crucial arrow. A weary McEnroe made three more mistakes—a netted backhand volley and two miserable approaches—and it was over 19 minutes past midnight, 6-4, 6-7, 7-6. "A match high up on my list," said the winner.

Then came Tank Friday. First McEnroe, already eliminated from contention, gave in to Clerc. Then Borg, who couldn't get to sleep until 4 a.m., surrendered to Mayer. Back to back, a total of six games won by the two best players in the world.

As a result of all this, Mayer, having finished with a 3-0 record in the blue round robin, now would play the loser of Connors-Lendl from the red group, the winner to draw Borg. "Get out the diving scorecards," somebody said. "Connors-Lendl will be a real three-meter springboard job."

After blowing two set points and collapsing 7-1 in the first-set tie-breaker, Lendl took the full plunge, spraying balls into the far reaches of Gotham. Connors, incensed at the Czech's obvious lack of effort, waved him off after the postmatch handshake and then called him "chicken. I don't understand how a player with his talent and future could act like that."

The next day Lendl, cooing confidence, brushed off Mayer in straight sets. Then he brushed off the media with what sounded suspiciously like clucking noises. "I changed my tactics the other night and it didn't work," Lendl said. "It happens sometimes."

Connors' tactics against Borg in their semifinal were the same as always: blast away, wear your guts on your sleeve. Again working to Jimbo's vulnerable forehand off short balls, Borg took the opening set and, winning 12 of 13 points, broke at love for a 3-2 lead in the second set.

But Connors never goes quietly. Roaring and wild gesturing—mostly toward his wife, Patti—accompanied Connors' comeback as he bounced off the ropes time and again, knocking the corners with backhand drives, lunging for volleys, chasing and overtaking everything Borg offered. To save the second set at 5-6, Borg had to serve with such violence that his racket flew up to the net. But Connors' return was wide, point to Borg. The tie-breaker, however, went 7-4 to Connors, who hit four clean winners.

In the deciding set, Borg jumped ahead 5-1 and again Connors seemed finished. But he wasn't. He fought off one match point, broke for 5-2, held to 5-3 and had two more break points for 5-4, one a Connors meat-and-potatoes, gimme-a-backhand pass. "I had Bjorn dead in my sights to go right at him, then I changed my mind," Connors said. On such indecision rests defeat. Three match points later, Borg had beaten Connors, 6-4, 6-7, 6-3, for the eighth straight time. But it was, Borg said, "the best match Jimmy been playing me in a long time."

Came the morrow and Lendl couldn't reach down for his best—the chicken

turned into a turkey—simply because Borg wouldn't let him.

In Basel, Switzerland on Oct. 19, 1980, Lendl had defeated Borg over five sets by staying in the backcourt, but that was the Swede's first tournament in more than six weeks. This time Borg took Lendl's vicious power swipes and sent them back with more pace and angle. He even looked comfortable at net with some sharp volleys. A marvelous low backhand retrieve off one of Lendl's bullets that Borg was able to slide down the line for a winning break at 2-1 in the second set seemed to take the spirit from the challenger.

The fury with which Lendl was dispatched underscored Borg's feeling that this was a critical tournament. He'd had a desultory fall and winter, losing in Tokyo and retiring in Bologna because of illness. His motivation was being questioned. His new floppy shirts made him look like Olaf the Tentmaker. Then came the Masters and his duplication of last year when he laid waste to Connors and McEnroe in the preliminary rounds and coasted in the final.

Borg was asked why he played better against Lendl on Sunday than against Mayer on Friday. "Because it was the final," Borg said. Then he smiled.

Ah, that Bjorn. Same old joker. Same old player.

END

Jimbo's loss and racket were hard to swallow.



Mayer two-tered with his forehand and his fork.



IT'S NOT FOR GOODNESS' SAKE

While some view the Superdome showdown as a morality play, in the end the game will be won by the better defense, and don't be surprised if the roguish Raiders, not the eager Eagles, earn the halo **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Super Bowl XV won't be a track meet or a basketball game in pads and cleats. You'll be able to leave your TV set to get a beer without worrying about missing three touchdowns. When the rule-makers worked their cosmetic magic and opened up the passing lanes, they were subtly crooking a finger at all those rubber-armed young quarterbacks and agile whippets who catch passes, beckoning them to the final January spectacle—"Come my darlings, come light up the board for us, give us offense, give us scores, keep those fans glued to their TVs, keep the ratings soaring ever higher."

Uh-uh, it hasn't quite worked out that way. The Super Bowl passing record is a modest 309 yards. Do I hear laughter out there? What's modest about 309 yards, you say? Well, San Diego alone bent that number eight times this season.

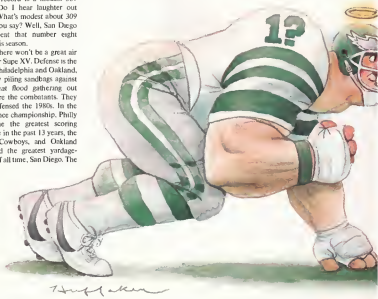
No, there won't be a great air show for Super XV. Defense is the word. Philadelphia and Oakland, valiantly piling sandbags against that great flood gathering out there, are the combatants. They have defended the 1980s. In the conference championship, Philly overcame the greatest scoring machine in the past 13 years, the Dallas Cowboys, and Oakland outlasted the greatest yardage-maker of all time, San Diego. The

names you will hear most on Jan. 25 will be Carl Houston and Jerry Robinson, Ted (The Mad Stork) Hendricks and Lester (The Molester) Hayes ... and, of course, Al (The Managing General Partner) Davis, if Pete Rozelle has to present the trophy to his least-favorite team.

Will this be a dull game? Yes, if scoring is your idea of action. No, if you're addicted to defensive football, as many sophisticates are these days. Pilates judged by too many 45-38 shootouts, too many games in which there are so many big plays that, finally, there are no big plays at all, relish the defensive classics—

Houston's 6-0 triumph over the Steelers, and, yes, Philly's 10-7 defeat of Oakland when the teams met in November.

There were exactly two big plays in that game, an 86-yard pass by the Raiders, Jim Plunkett to Cliff Branch, and a 43-yard pass by the Eagles, Ron Jaworski to Leroy Harris. The rest of the time it was vicious, unrelenting defense. The Eagles made a 51-yard field goal, the Raiders missed a 45-yarder. The difference in the teams' total offense was four yards. The Raiders turned the ball over in the shadow of the end zone twice, the Eagles once.



"Our styles are very similar," Jaworski says. "Ball control, big, strong defenses that try to shut people down, a bomb every now and then. But I think you'll see a more wide-open game than what you saw the last time. We've had two months to study each other."

The teams do have some striking similarities. Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil is very proud of the way his players go after people in the fourth quarter. Philadelphia has outscored the opposition 143-44 in that period, counting the playoffs. They have lost only one fourth quarter in 18 contests, that to Washington in a game they had already wrapped up. Since the season's sixth game, in which Jim Plunkett became Oakland's starting quarterback (the Raiders like to point to that game as the start of the resurgence, following a 2-3 start and a soul-searching, players-only meeting), Oakland has lost

only one fourth quarter, and that was in the regular-season finale against the Giants, a lougher. The Raiders have allowed no fourth-quarter touchdowns in their three playoff games. The Eagles haven't been scored upon at all in playoff fourth quarters, and they've given up only one fourth-quarter TD in the last six games.

Both teams are slow starters, both were outscored in the first quarter during the regular season. Both are addicted to the old run-pass formula, the rule that says you must run more than pass in order to win, a ratio that has become somewhat obsolete these days. But the only games the Eagles lost were those in which their passes outnumbered their runs. Ditto Oakland during the Plunkett era.

Here's another statistic, take it for what it's worth: 11 Raiders played in Oakland's 32-14 win over Minnesota in Super Bowl XI four years ago. There are

also nine Eagles left from 1976, when Philadelphia went 4-10 in Vermeil's first season, and that's a high number considering that in losing regimes there is generally a high turnover rate.

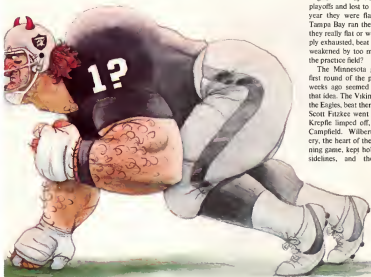
"The thing that got the veterans in Dick's corner right away," says Stan Walters, Philadelphia's left tackle. "Is that he didn't come in here with the idea of cleaning house. He said, 'You're my players, and there's enough talent here to win with.' Maybe he said it because he knew he wouldn't have any draft choices for a couple of years."

"I didn't do a very good job coaching that first year," Vermeil says. "And I'm not trying to be a Humble Charlie about it. But I did get them used to the idea of hard work."

Ah, hard work. All these three-hour practices, the midnight oil. For a while the world tuned in to this reaffirmation of the work ethic, and then it became Vermeil's cross to bear. The Eagles came up flat in the '78 playoffs and lost to Atlanta. Last year they were flat again, and Tampa Bay ran them out. Were they really flat or were they simply exhausted, beat up, their legs weakened by too much time on the practice field?

The Minnesota game in the first round of the playoffs three weeks ago seemed to reinforce that idea. The Vikings stuck it to the Eagles, beat them off the line. Scott Fitzkee went down, Keith Kreple limped off, so did Billy Campfield. Wilbert Montgomery, the heart of the Eagles' running game, kept hobbling to the sidelines, and they continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFAKER





Vermeil's taped-together troops include Carmichael, Smith, Montgomery and Kragle



Davey has been able to pump new life into Handrick, Plunkett, Matsuzak and King

patched him up and sent him back in. Every time Harold Carmichael was tackled he had trouble getting up. This was Dunkirk, but where were the boots? On the sidelines there was Vermeil, a whipping, driving force, grimacing, smacking his fist into his palm. Dr. Vermeil and his pick-up-your-bed-and-walk school of medicine, or The Church of Vermeil Scientist.

Then, in the second half, the Vikings got a case of the oopsies and eight turnovers sealed their fate, but the Eagles were living on borrowed time. Just wait till Dallas shows up next week. The Cowboys had given the Eagles a thorough whipping in the regular-season final. They broke Wide Receiver Charles Smith's jaw; Dennis Thurman cheap-shot Carmichael out of the game and stopped his pass-catching streak.

But when they met again for the NFC title, the Eagles won going away. They dominated the second half. "That's what I say when people accuse me of firing the team out," Vermeil says. "Tired teams don't come back in the second half like we did." The Eagles' offensive linemen, who had been scorched by Vermeil during the week because of the way the Vikings beat them, shoved the Cowboys around. Before the game, 37-year-old Right Guard Woody Peoples, who'd been a San Francisco 49er for 10 years, told the squad, "I didn't know what football was all about until I came here three years ago."

The Eagle wounded are on offense—Smith and Walters (bad back). Both should be O.K. for the Super Bowl. It's a solid enough offense, with Jaworski a slow starter but cool and confident once he gets the feel of the game, and the ground game can do great things if Fullback Harris runs and blocks like a madman, as he did against Dallas. But it's the defense that beats people. The secondary, with rookie Left Cornerback Roynell Young showing much more than was expected this year, has become one of the NFL's very best—ranking alongside Oakland's in that department. Robinson is capable of amazing plays from his right-linebacker position; the line keeps a lot of heat on the passer and nevertheless manages to shut down the run.

The Eagles don't figure to run much on

Oakland; their passing probably will be respectable. It's doubtful whether they'll direct much action toward Hayes at the left cornerback. Back in November, Jaworski aimed five passes into his coverage, completed zero and had one intercepted. Hayes has had that kind of a season, and he's on a hot streak right now, with five interceptions in the playoffs.

Philadelphia's at its best playing against teams it doesn't like—Dallas, Washington—but the Eagles have nothing against the Raiders. "They've got this big reputation as intimidators," Jaworski says, "but I think that died when [Jack] Tatum and [George] Atkinson left. Oh, they'll hit you all right, but I didn't hear any of our guys saying they were cheap-shoters. No, they're a good, clean, hard team, a good team to play against. You have to give them credit, coming through as a wild-card team the way they did, playing three games without a week off. My God, if we'd have had to play the Vikings without a week's rest, we'd have been in real trouble."

There are also teams the Raiders dislike—San Diego, Dallas (no one likes Dallas)—but Philly isn't one of them. There's a different kind of emotion at work with the Raiders, and much of it has its origins away from the field. The fans scorned them as renegades because of their proposed move to L.A. (Oakland Traitors was the new nickname), but then fell in love with them all over again, 9,000 jamming the airport after the San Diego victory. Hold on to your wallets, boys.

Al Davis' war with Pete Rozelle has been a lively side issue—just wait till Pete has to give Al the trophy, etc. Most of the players brush it off as an amusing diversion, but veteran Left Guard Gene Upshaw, who's been Davis' public defender through the years, sees it as much more. "The league has taken shots at Al whenever it could, and it's taken shots at us, too," he says. "It makes you want to play harder—to stick it to the whole bunch of them."

Conspiracy-watchers carefully noted whether Al's boys got the worst of it from the NFL officials as they came nearer and nearer to that dreaded day when Pete would have to bite the bullet and say, "Al, it gives me great pleasure..." They were waiting for a flag to drop on the

play that won the Cleveland game, Mike Davis' interception in the end zone. It didn't. They were waiting for a flag when the Raiders were eating up the clock at the end of the San Diego game. Nope, none there, either. The league even did Oakland a tremendous favor when it left the field uncovered the night before the San Diego game, when flash showers hit. It was finally covered at 9:30 a.m., but by then it was too late; by game time the playing surface bore a remarkable resemblance to the one in the Oakland-Alameda Coliseum, where the Bay comes seeping up out of the turf. The Chargers' receivers were not at all happy slogging through the stuff.

Oakland has overcome all odds. When the season stood at 2-3, the players were wondering just how long Tom Flores would be their coach. "You heard all sorts of crazy rumors," Upshaw says, "about how Sid Gillman or George Allen was on the way." But the Raiders have gone 12-2 since then, counting the playoffs, and Flores has emerged as a steady hand in control. The defense came

on, and Plunkett almost always managed to figure out a way to win.

The Raiders were underdogs in two of their three playoff games, and the third one—against Houston—closed at pick'em. They were supposed to take the pipe when they got a taste of Cleveland's wintry blasts, and they didn't. Plunkett is supposed to be an erratic, low-percentage passer, but he completed 14 for 18 in the San Diego game, Oakland's biggest one to date.

The Raiders seem to be a team of destiny, and for that reason I like them against the Eagles. Not big. I close my eyes and see them driving against the Eagles in November in Veterans Stadium; I see them able to get more things going on offense than Philly could. I can also see the Eagle defense giving them a very rough time in this game, though, and forcing turnovers, and Jaworski hitting Carmichael on a slant-in pattern against the blitz for the winning touchdown. A Philadelphia win is logical. Be that as it may, I still favor Oakland. Call it a hunch. Call it 17-14.

CONTINUED



Davis knows that an Oakland win will be a sure way to spoil Rozelle's weekend

SUPER BOWL XV

CONCOCTIONS FOR THE DEFENSE

Cornerback Lester Hayes and Linebacker Ted Hendricks are Oakland's master thieves, and each believes he has the magic potion that will help steal the title

by RON FIMRITE

Lester Hayes, the Oakland Raider cornerback who has had 18 interceptions in his team's 19 regular-season and play-off games (four others were called back because of penalties), credits his extraor-

dinary success to Kwik Grip Hold Tight Paste, a substance consisting of "natural wood resin, Isopropyl Myristate, Encol resin, Balsam of Fir, Beeswax, lanolin, turpentine, Petrolatum and Wax Victory

Amber." According to the directions on the jar, the user is to "apply a thin layer to the fingertips and spread to the palms as needed." Hayes applies Kwik Grip the way a high school girl applies Copper-tone. He smears it in layers all over his body, so that when he's done he looks for all the world like someone who has spent an eventful day in a glue factory. Hayes affectionately calls his favorite concoction "stickum."

Ted Hendricks, the linebacker who led the Raiders in quarterback sacks (10%), fumbles recovered (four) and blocked kicks (three), also has a favorite concoction that he thinks has given him the inspiration and the strength to become the sparkplug of one of the NFL's fiercest defensive units. He calls it blackberry brandy. It is taken internally.

They are dissimilar, the swift and cunning defensive back and the rangy, free-wheeling linebacker, the one quietly confident, the other noisily self-deprecating, but together they have played havoc with opponents' game plans. Seldom in league history have two defenders gotten their hands on the other team's ball so often. The seemingly ubiquitous Hendricks, who operates from no fixed position behind the Raider line, instead situating himself where he believes the action is most likely to occur, has three interceptions to go with his other takeaways. These figures don't include the number of fumbles his crushing tackles have caused or the number of interceptions his 6' 7" presence in the opposing backfield has created. Hayes, with two fumble recoveries to go with his interceptions, has stolen the ball a total of 20 times. This is thievery of a high order.

When the literally glue-fingered Hayes came to the Raiders in 1977, he had clean hands. Then in a game against Houston midway through his rookie season, a sure interception slipped through his fingers. Disconsolate on the sidelines, he was approached by the legendary Raider wide receiver, Fred Biletnikoff. "He just pulled out this jar and stuck my hand in it," Hayes recalls. "I didn't know what he was doing. 'Here,' he said to me, 'you're too good to be missing interceptions like that.'" This was Hayes' rude introduction to stickum. Now he can't function without the stuff—lots of it. Hayes insists he uses only half a jar, or about nine

Defensive Back Hayes sticks up in one jar in which he doesn't want to get his fingers caught



Linebacker Hendricks prefers blackberry brandy, but just about any old person will do the trick.

ounces, a game. Raider Equipment Manager Dick Romanski, who dispenses the stickum, puts the amount at more like "a jar and a half, or about 24 ounces." Hayes has so much gook on his fingers that his hands look like webbed feet. He smears reserve supplies on his socks, pants and jersey and uses Kwik Grip spray-on to dampen his jersey numbers and exposed skin. His hands are so sticky that Raider field assistants must mop his brow for him and pour drinking water into his mouth when he comes to the bench. A special skin cleanser is required to remove the stickum after a game. Anything Hayes touches during a game suffers the fate of objects handled by 2-year-olds.

"You may have noticed in the playoff game with Houston that the referee threw a flag down on the field just before the half for no apparent reason," says Burgess Owens, the Raider free safety. "What happened was that Lester walked by and touched the ball, leaving a big glob on it. The referee was furious. He told Lester, 'You do that again and I'll call something.' We couldn't imagine what it would be." Football suddenly had its very own ball-defacing incident, reminiscent of those in a sport involving Gaylord Perry.

Owens confesses that he and the other Raider secondary defenders—Cornerback Dwayne O'Steen and Strong Safety Mike Davis—are also stickum users, but he says their addiction is mild compared with Hayes'. "If I feel I don't have enough on my hands," says Owens, "I'll just walk over and touch Lester someplace, anyplace, even on the helmet. It's amazing. He has it everywhere."

Hayes, who is extremely shy because of a pronounced stammer, calls stickum his "top-secret weapon," though even he suspects its primary virtue is psychological. "It helps me to believe that if I've got the opportunity to intercept, I'm not going to miss the ball. It gives me a boost. Actually, it might help just a smidgen in catching the ball."

Stickum alone hasn't made Hayes the brilliant performer he has become this season. Oakland cornerbacks must bear a heavier burden than their counterparts on other teams because the Raiders, typically going against the grain, play pri-

marily man-to-man pass coverage instead of the zones favored elsewhere. In man-to-man the cornerback is all alone with the likes of San Diego's John Jefferson and the Eagles' Harold Carmichael, who at 6' 8" and 225 pounds is eight inches and 30 pounds bigger than Hayes.

"The two most difficult positions in football are cornerback and offensive lineman, because they're so vulnerable," says Charlie Sumner, Oakland's canny linebacker coach. "If an offensive back, a linebacker or even a wide receiver makes a mistake, there's a chance nobody will notice it. But if the quarterback is sacked, the offensive line gets the blame. And if the receiver catches one for a touchdown, the man with him, the guy on the corner, gets it."

Hayes, says Sumner, has all the right tools to play this demanding position. "He has the speed to run with the receivers. He has size and he has quickness. Right now, he's playing as well as anyone I've ever seen."

"Lester has worked hard to be one of the best," says Oakland Coach Tom Flores. "He studies the game plan. He's always well prepared. He's the best in the NFL at the moment, but the measure of a great defensive back is consistency. He must do it year in and year out."

Al LoCasale, Raider boss Al Davis' longtime executive assistant, maintains that another measure of a defensive back is his willingness to play man-to-man on the corner, as the Raiders expect. "The world is full of safetymen," LoCasale says, exaggerating slightly. "What we need more of is corners." By these standards, Hayes scarcely measures up, because if there was one position he didn't want to play it was cornerback.

"I thought I was the top safety in the whole '77 draft," says Hayes, who played at Texas A&M and was picked in the fifth round by the Raiders. "I didn't want to play cornerback. I kept asking Mr. Davis if I could play safety. The answer was always no. To me it just didn't seem to com-

continued



pute. It took me two seasons to convince myself that I could play corner. I was baffled for those two years. Now I've got no doubts. The thing is to put yourself on a plateau where you say you can't be beat. Logically, playing man-to-man—and the Raiders will play man-to-man as long as there's a Statue of Liberty—you're going to get beat. But it is imperative that you have a degree of cockiness. Bump-and-run coverage is my forte now. There's no mere mortal I fear. I am auspiciously euphoric."

For man coverage to be effective, there must be a strong pass rush, and the Raiders have one of the strongest, in large part the result of the oft-times bewildering antics of Outside Linebacker Hendricks. "Ordinarily teams wouldn't be throwing so much to Hayes' side," said the old San Francisco quarterback, John Brodie, who, as an NBC commentator, was watching the Raiders practice last week. "Jimmy Johnson [who was All-Pro for the 49ers when Brodie played] never saw anywhere near the number of balls Hayes

does, and a lot of that had to do with Dave Wilcox [the All-Pro linebacker on Johnson's side]. But Hendricks moves around so much, confusing the picture, that quarterbacks have no choice but to test Hayes, who is usually all alone with the man he is covering. And look what's happened—all those interceptions."

"We use Ted to confuse the offensive line," says Flores. "They don't know where he's coming from, and he's an excellent pass rusher. Last season we were taking him out in passing situations. This season, because we're rushing the passer more, we're keeping Ted in on every play. He doesn't even have to get to the passer. That big frame is enough if he gets up close. Trying to throw over him and John Matuzak, who's 6' 8", is like trying to throw over a mountain."

"You can't really say I'm a linebacker," says Hendricks. "You can call me a fifth defensive lineman because I'm blitzing so much of the time. In man-to-man coverage, the linebacker is an endangered species, anyway. That's a great expense of real estate out there. The thing to do is give the passer the least amount of time to see what's there, to pressure him into throwing too quickly."

Game situations dictate how Hendricks is deployed. In the AFC championship against San Diego he and the Raiders came to realize in the third quar-

continued



Quarterbacks must choose between throwing over Hendricks or at Hayes.



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EPA Est. Hwy. Est.
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ter that when the Chargers went into a double tight-end formation, one of those ends, Greg McCrary, consistently stayed in to block on pass plays. Sensing a mismatch, Hendricks moved to McCrary's side. "A tight end isn't used to pass blocking," Hendricks says. "He's a power blocker on runs and a pass receiver. I had the advantage. From the third quarter on, I was blitzing."

"It's unbelievable the things Ted can do," says Owens. "He's always around the ball—for fumbles, sacks, interceptions. Our defense is made for Ted to do his thing. He's elusive, quick and strong. He looks like such a lanky guy at 225 pounds, but he does so many things to get around people. He put so much pressure on [Quarterback Dan] Fouts in the San Diego game that it dictated what happened in the secondary."

Hendricks was a skinny, 214-pound defensive end at the University of Miami who didn't seriously consider playing professionally until his senior year, 1968, when as the Mad Stork he made everybody's All-America team. "What position would I play?" says Hendricks. "Defensive end? They all weighed 270, like Bubba Smith, Linebacker? Remember Dick Butkus?" But play he did, and very well, for Baltimore. Then midway in his career, after he was traded off to Green Bay in 1974, he entered what he calls a "valley of fatigue." Oakland gave the Packers two first-round draft choices as compensation after signing Hendricks as a free agent in 1975. Last year he resented the Raiders' 3-4 defensive setup, which made him too much of a spot player. This season, at age 33, he has climbed out of the valley to the very peak of his 12-year career.

But Hendricks' value is as much inspirational as physical. "I've been around eight years," says Owens, "but I'd never been in the playoffs. I thought I should take a more serious approach to these games. Ted kept me loose. He made me realize that all we had to do to win was play the way we had been."

On a team that has rogues and renegades from the managing general partner on down, Hendricks is the blithe spirit. "I adopted the philosophy a long time ago that you're on this earth to do anything you like as long as you don't hurt anybody," he says. Davis once inquired of Hendricks how he thought Matsuzaki, the gigantic but perennially troublesome defensive end, would fit in

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with the Raiders. "Al," Hendricks said, "what possible difference will one more make?"

On his days off, Hendricks drives from his home in Orinda in the East Bay to San Francisco's Union Street, which abounds in chic singles bars. Hendricks, who is married and the father of two young sons, eschews these in favor of the Bus Stop, which is the sort of neighborhood tavern one is supposed to find only in places like Pittsburgh. He is a folk hero in this resort for frustrated jocks, and to some of the regulars, like Mike Clark and Tom Bartley, he has become a close friend. Hendricks' good-natured macho humor has made him, in every sense, one of the Bus Stop gang. Last week he said farewell there before leaving for New Orleans by buying rounds of "the championship drink—blackberry brandy." Then, for good measure, he crossed the street to Perry's, a somewhat more fashionable place, to buy one for bartender Michael McCourt, another old friend. And he startled some of the customers there by reciting from his favorite poet, William Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright/In the forests of the night...."

"When O.J. was playing for the 49ers," Hendricks recalled in a more prosaic moment, "we'd work both sides of Union Street—he in Perry's and me in the Bus Stop. Once I helped his girl friend get the heel of her shoe out of a vent in the sidewalk, and then I scared hell out of her by pretending to clothesline O.J. She thought he was being attacked by some ruffian from across the street."

The blackberry brandy-fueled merriment continued after practice the following day as Hendricks presided over a cast of NFL stars, past and present, at the Hilton Hotel bar near the Raiders' practice field. The celebrants included Brodie; his fellow NBC analyst and former All-Pro defensive tackle, Merlin Olsen; former 49er Tight End Monty Stickles, who's also a broadcaster; former Raider and current Oiler Tight End Dave Casper; and, among other Raiders, Matsuzak, Jeff Barnes and O'Steen. Championship drinks flowed in profusion. Hayes wasn't among this garrulous company, but he will be there on Sunday at his familiar corner when the Raiders, this most heterogeneous of NFL teams, regroup for a last unified effort.

As Hendricks' house poet, Blake, has written, "What immortal hand & eye/Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?"

JUST GOOD OLD JAWS

With Ron Jaworski eating up yardage, the waters may be unsafe for Oakland

by E.M. SWIFT

Super Bowl quarterbacks have always split into one of two groups: The Cerebral or The Charismatic. The Charismatic group is headed by the likes of "Broadway" Joe Namath, "Hollywood" Joe Kapp, "Don't Go, Jo Jo" Bradshaw and Snake Stabler. The Cerebral contingent is led by Bart Starr, Len Dawson, Bob Griese, Roger Staubach and Francis Asbury Tarkenton. All of them had, or have, a certain mystique, an aura that is uniquely a quarterback's. Cold-blooded devils, who called to mind gungfishers. But now comes Ron Jaworski, who calls to mind the kid watching from behind the water trough, eyes like two cherries in a bowl of milk. Wow! *The Super Bowl!* There isn't an ounce of mystique in Ron Jaworski. But this Sunday in New Orleans, while the rest of those guys are watching, announcing or splashing themselves with after shave, Jaworski will be the one quarterbacking the Philadelphia Eagles.

Jaworski is a breath of fresh air, a clown bearing gifts, a man-child of 29 who walks around grinning like a kid who has just won the Punt, Pass and Kick contest. His nickname is Jaws, but he is about as terrifying as a guppy. To his Eagle teammates he is a leader, but he leads by exuberance as much as example. The day after the Eagles beat Dallas 20-7 in the NFC championship game, while the Philadelphia veterans were still trying to figure out how to react to their striking success after so many years of failure, Jaworski set the tone in the locker room by ostentatiously whipping out a cigar, lighting it with a \$100 bill that he had heisted from his 4-year-old

daughter's Monopoly game and singing, "We're in the money." Slowly his teammates began to smile. By gum, that was the way to feel about going to the Super Bowl. Jaworski went over to a record player and put on music he could polka to, then around the room he went, one-two-three, one-two-three. "Yeah! We're going to the Super Bowl!" he shouted. His teammates began to shout it, too. It was as if they'd won the lottery or something, and Jaworski had brought the news.

It's not that Ron Jaworski's life has been totally unchanged by success. He has become a partner in a country club and has started a hot-tub business called "Ron Jaworski's Nature Tubs." There is also a Ron Jaworski's Sports Enterprises, which handles contracts and endorsements for about a dozen NFL players. But he still lacks his first ounce of mystique and carries himself as if his first pretentious word will send him packing back to the steel mill in his hometown of Lackawanna, N.Y. And in 10 years don't expect to see him doing the color commentary on Monday Night Football. Among other things, Monday's his bowling night. He bowls in a league for Vic's Deli, a team captained by Vic Morris, who is the caterer for the Eagle locker room. Jaworski doesn't even bowl very well for Vic's Deli. His average is 164.

On a football field, however, Jaworski is way above average. "All things considered, if I were to start a new franchise, I'd take Ron first," says Sid Gillman, the Eagle quarterback coach. "I think he's the best passer in the NFL, week in and week out. He makes less mistakes over the course of a year. And his net three or four years should be his best."

Ron Jaworski? The best passer in the NFL? It's not as implausible as it sounds. During the past three years he has started and won more games than any quarterback in pro football except Terry Bradshaw. More than Dan Fouts. More than Brian Sipe or Stabler. This season, his best, he completed 57% of his passes for 27 touchdowns and an average of 7.82 yards per attempt, statistics that ranked him second among NFL quarterbacks. He was selected to his first Pro Bowl. Most important, for the second season in a row he threw only 12 interceptions.



It's no small coincidence that the Eagles allowed the fewest points in the NFL.

Stats aside, Jaworski simply throws a football as well as anyone. The Eagles' coach, Dick Vermeil, talks about the tightness of his spiral. Gillman says there are windy days when you would need a gun to get the ball in there any better. A rifle. Jaworski was known as the Polish Rifle earlier in his career, when he was with the Los Angeles Rams. That was back when he believed his arm was so gifted he could actually throw the ball through a defender. And at times he could. Through the defender, through the receiver, bruising fingers and landing incomplete. His receivers ran patterns with the fear of God in their eyes, afraid that if they looked around a split second too late the ball would tear their heads off. The result was that until this year, Jaworski's career completion average was below 50%. "The only thing keeping you from becoming All-Pro," Vermeil told him at the start of this season, "is not completing 57% to 59% of your passes." And he was right.

Vermeil, who came to the Eagles in 1976, when they were at the bottom of

Jaworski is No. 1 with his two daughters and some of their neighborhood friends, but in five seasons he willingly defers to his father figure, Vermeil

the NFC East, had first worked with Jaworski in 1973, which was his rookie year with the Rams. Vermeil was the Rams' offensive backfield coach at the time, and the thing that most impressed him about Jaworski wasn't the arm but the temperament. "You could see the raw talent and the eagerness to learn," Vermeil recalls. "He had a freshness, almost a naiveté about him. He wasn't a real worldly guy like players from Notre Dame or USC, and his kind of guy tends to be less selfish."

The naiveté that so attracted Vermeil was Jaworski's undoing in Los Angeles. "I'm a shot-and-beer guy, and that was a martini town," Jaworski says. He had grown up in Lackawanna, a town of about 23,000, where the biggest employer is Bethlehem Steel. About all he'd ever wanted out of life was not to have to work in the steel mill. His father showed him what that life was like one high school summer by getting him a job there straightening rods. Pull out a crooked

continued



rod, straighten it in the straightening machine. Pull out another, straighten it. Etc. After a week Jaworski wanted out. His father made him stay two more weeks to make sure the lesson stuck.

Although he was offered scholarships at a dozen better-known schools, including Georgia Tech, Jaworski picked Youngstown State University. At the time he was 6'2" but weighed just 160 pounds (he's now up to 196), so he had no real aspirations to play pro football. "The coach told me if I went there they'd throw the ball 30 times a game," says Jaworski. "As soon as I heard that I asked, 'Where do I sign?'"

Youngstown State's program was low-key, to say the least. The coach, the late Duke Boede, used to stop practice when a flock of Canadian geese flew overhead. He talked about why a cluster of mushrooms that appeared overnight on the field grew in the pattern it did. He also was the last collegiate proponent of the sidesaddle T. The sidesaddle T is a bizarre formation that is something of a cockeyed wing T. Jaworski would line up a yard behind the left guard to receive the snap from center. A tailback and a fullback lined up five yards deep, as they would in a pro set, and on every play a wingback would go in motion, pausing briefly behind the center as if to receive the snap. The wingback would then continue toward the sideline as if he had the ball, and the center would hike it sideways to Jaworski.

Clearly—and Jaworski still has the films to prove it—the sidesaddle T was the creation of an aberrant mind. But it scored a lot of points. In his senior year, Jaworski was ranked fifth in the country among college-division passers, and Youngstown State put together a 4-4-1 record, its first non-losing season in six years. The Penguins' biggest win that year was a 22-21 squeaker over arch-rival Akron, a game highlighted by one of the most original trick plays in collegiate history. For 10 plays in a row a wingback went into motion, faked as if he had the ball, then continued out toward the sideline. On the 11th play Jaworski gave him the ball and yelled "Fumble!" No one on Youngstown State blocked; the players turned around and dived into a pile, scrambling furiously like hogs after slop. The Akron players did the same. Some of the Akron boys actually were signaling that they had recovered the ball, jumping up and down and pointing. By that time,



Jaworski bares his teeth, but only to smile at the prospect of making a big splash in the Superdome

of course, the wingback had walked around end and down the sideline 40 yards for a touchdown.

Clearly, it was no small step that Jaworski was taking when he joined the Rams as a second-round draft choice. He was relegated to the taxi squad his first year, but veteran Quarterback John Hadl took him under his wing and got him to move to Mamea del Rey, a posh area of L.A. that Jaworski could ill afford. Soon he was saying crazy things like, "They have a place reserved for me in the Hall of Fame; all I need is playing time." Jaworski shudders at the memory.

"My father died suddenly in 1971, and I didn't have that much discipline at that time in my life," he says. "In L.A. I became too much of a free spirit. You know what life out there is like. I wasn't getting a chance to play, so the only way I could let people know I was alive was with my mouth. It wasn't me."

At the end of the 1975 season Jaworski finally got his chance when the sore shoulder of James Harris, then the L.A. quarterback, acted up with two games to go. Jaworski led the Rams to wins over Green Bay and defending NFL champion Pittsburgh, and in the first round of the playoffs quarterbacked L.A. to a 35-23 defeat of St. Louis. By that time Harris was ready again, and, in a move that still baffles Jaworski, the Rams chose Harris to start the championship game against Dallas. By the time Jaworski relieved the ineffectual Harris, Dallas was on its way to a 37-7 romp.

"I asked the coach, Chuck Knox, about the change," Jaworski says, "and he told me it was out of his hands. That's all he needed to say."

The Rams were then owned by the late Carroll Rosenbloom, and the implication was that the order to start Harris had come directly from him. Jaworski,

the Polish Rifle, never felt he was Rosenbloom's type of guy. "He wanted a quarterback he could introduce to Jonathan Winters or Don Rickles, a guy who fit the Hollywood image," said one Ram player. Jaworski definitely didn't qualify. Here was this bubbly, grinning kid who finally was showing what he could do, throwing touchdown passes and then chasing his receivers into the end zone to congratulate them. Forty-seven-yard pass, 47-yard sprint by Jaworski and a big hug. It wasn't the L.A. way. The general manager, Don Klosterman, actually tried to get him to stop it.

"He kept telling me about poise under pressure," recalls Jaworski with a giant grin. "I just wasn't very cool. When I made a big play, I got excited about it. I know Unitas and Hadl didn't do that sort of thing, but it just wasn't in me to go, ho-hum, another big play. Maybe someday it will be, when I've won a lot of big games, but it wasn't then and it's still not."

Jaworski has an official Polish rifle mounted on a plaque in his home, which is a rifle with its barrel bent back so that it blows the head off anyone using it. Before the 1976 season he fired that rifle on his career with the Rams by saying he wouldn't sign a five-year, \$705,000 contract until it was made clear whether or not he would start. The Rams had signed Rhodes Scholar Pat Haden, and Haden was more the Beverly Hills type. Rosenbloom stopped negotiations with Jaworski, and the Rams started Haden most of the season. Jaworski played in only five games and, at the end of the season, his negotiating rights were traded to the lowly Eagles. His record as a starter with Los Angeles had been 4-0.

The only time Jaworski had played in Philadelphia, in 1975, the Rams had crunched the Eagles 42-3. What he recalls of that game is that the visitors were pelted with golf balls, and the home team with dog bones. Giant dog bones. Still, he was ecstatic to be leaving L.A. Vermeil handed him the starting job, and Jaworski promptly began drawing sidelong glances from his new teammates by talking in not-too-distant terms about the playoffs, even the Super Bowl. "The one thing I had learned from the Rams was the value of a winning atmosphere," he says. "We'd always gone to the playoffs, and I just naturally figured everyone expected to make the playoffs. Some guys thought I was from another planet."

At times it looked as if he were throwing to guys from another planet. He had 21 interceptions in his first year as the Eagles finished 5-9. Over the summer Vermeil put together a horror film of all 21, plus a number of other passes that were close calls. Then the two sat down and watched it. Fifty times. "The majority of those interceptions were caused by me trying to win a game by myself," Jaworski says. "I wasn't mature enough to realize that if you challenge NFL secondaries on every play, you're going to get burned. Dick grabbed me by the seat of my pants and pulled me back down to earth. He became something like the father figure I needed."

The film sessions paid off. The next year Philadelphia went 9-7, the Eagles' first winning record in 12 years, and Jaworski's interceptions dropped to 16. More significantly, the Eagles shed their losers' image and started soaring. In 1979 they were 11-5, this season 12-4. "I always had confidence that we would do it," Jaworski says. "I just never thought it would happen this quick. Now every-

one is asking what it will be like on Sunday when suddenly I'll be a household name and people all across the country will be talking about me."

Jaws ponders this a moment, then shrugs and grins hugely. "How should I know?" he says. "I won't hear them."

CONTINUED



Eating the football is among the ways that Jaws, who has one of the NFL's strongest throwing arms, has learned to cut down on the interceptions that drowned the Eagles in his first season in Philly.



SUPER BOWL XV

FOOTBALL'S LITTLE BIGHORN?

Super Bowl tickets are being scalped for as much as \$500—and there are allegations of scandal

**by WILLIAM NACK
and ROBERT SULLIVAN**



When Ron Jaworski, Ted Hendricks, Lester Hayes and their teammates finally take the field this Sunday in New Orleans, a crowd of 75,500 will be packed into the plush cushioned seats of the Superdome. Some 50,000 will have paid the face value of \$40 for their tickets. The remaining 25,000 will have forked out between \$150 and \$500 a seat. "The Super Bowl is the single biggest scalping event since Little Bighorn," says one ticket agent. "It's a single event scheduled at least two years in advance to take place in a certain city on a certain day. It can't be rained out. And it's a national event, the single most popular sporting spectacle of the year."

Those 25,000 tickets were sold for a premium on a nationwide black market of ticket scalpers and ticket brokers by NFL club officials, players and fans. According to Oakland Managing General Partner Al Davis, even NFL club owners and Commissioner Pete Rozelle have been involved in scalping schemes. Replying to this last charge, Rozelle snapped, "There is not a shred of truth to that suggestion." Davis also disclosed that he himself has sold 75 to 100 tickets—at face value—to Las Vegas hotels each year.

The widespread scalping and the suggestions of scandal at the highest levels not only have the NFL struggling to refurbish its carefully molded image of stability, solidarity and integrity, but have also attracted the attention of the Internal Revenue Service as well as national and local law-enforcement agencies. The IRS reportedly is probing into the tax consequences of the underground economy generated by Super Bowl scalping: this largely unreported revenue could approach \$7 million for 1981 alone.

"There's a sickness about the whole thing," Rozelle told SI last week. "You feel a sickness in your stomach. There hasn't been anything like this in my 21 years as commissioner. We've had problems, sure, but not of such a serious internal nature. It does make you sick."

Rozelle concedes he has known for years that Super Bowl tickets were being resold at premium prices. He particularly recalls Tex Schramm, the pres-

ident of the Dallas Cowboys, getting up at one NFL meeting and describing how buyers met Cowboy fans moments after they picked up their Super Bowl tickets and offered to purchase them for more than the face value. Rozelle says he has also seen advertisements in newspapers offering to buy and sell Super Bowl tickets and knows that tickets reach travel agencies at premium prices. But he says he never dreamed the volume of premium sales was as large as it is.

Nevertheless, NFL brass paid little, if any, attention to the scalping of Super Bowl tickets until last fall when Davis suddenly began to drop names—Rozelle's included—during a pretrial deposition in the antitrust suit in which the Raiders and the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum Commission are challenging the bylaw in the NFL constitution that has permitted the league to block Davis' proposed move of the Raiders from Oakland to Los Angeles. (The trial is scheduled to begin in L.A. next month.)

According to the transcript of his deposition, Davis said that at one NFL meeting Lamar Hunt, the owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, asked why the league was selling Super Bowl tickets for \$20 when they were worth \$50. Davis asserted that he, Davis, then asked one owner, whom he didn't identify, why Rozelle didn't raise the price. Davis continued, "And he made the statement to me, 'Are you kidding? That is how he [Rozelle] makes his big score.' I didn't realize what he was talking about."

Davis went on to say that in 1976 he got a phone call from the late Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Los Angeles Rams, asking him what he planned to do with his allotment of tickets for the 1977 Super Bowl, in which the Raiders played the Minnesota Vikings in the Rose Bowl. Davis said he told Rosenbloom he planned to give them to fans.

Davis then testified, "And he [Rosenbloom] said, 'What are you going to sell them for?' I told him that we were going to sell them for the face value of the tickets. And he said, 'Look, I have a guy who knows how to handle this.' " And he told me that this fellow knew how to market these tickets and we could make

a fortune on the tickets [by selling them] above the face value . . . I said I wouldn't do it. . . I asked him who the guy was, and he said it was a fellow by the name of Harold Guiver." Davis then said that after the Super Bowl, in which the Raiders beat the Vikings, Rosenbloom called him again . . . and talked to me about what he had done with the Super Bowl tickets [30,000 in all] that had been allocated to the host city, the Los Angeles Rams. [He] told me they made a killing."

According to the same transcript, Davis said that late in 1977 Rosenbloom asked him if he wanted to scalp his allotment for Super Bowl XII in New Orleans. "He told me that he had talked to the New Orleans owner [John Mecom Jr.] and the New Orleans owner had gone along with the plan to use their host city tickets [15,000 total] in a way of selling them above face value . . . I was told that everyone in the league is doing it . . . Coaches are doing it . . . everyone is . . ."

Rozelle reacted angrily when asked about Davis' charges. "The only evidence Al Davis ever offers to support his claims," he said, "are comments he allegedly heard from an unidentified team owner and accusations allegedly made by a man who now is dead, Carroll Rosenbloom." (Rosenbloom drowned in the Atlantic off Golden Beach, Fla., in April of 1979.)

While the Davis testimony was being leaked to the media, so, too, was a deposition by the aforementioned Harold Guiver, who held a front-office administrative position with the Rams from April of 1978 until the fall of 1979, when Georgia Frontiere, Rosenbloom's widow and now sole owner of the team—Madame Ram, as they call her—terminated him. Guiver now is the assistant general manager of the Saints, reporting to Steve Rosenbloom, son of Carroll and stepson of Georgia. According to the transcript, Guiver said Carroll Rosenbloom had promised to sell him 1,000 tickets for the 1980 Super Bowl in the Rose Bowl at their face value, a promise corroborated by Steve Rosenbloom.

Guiver claimed that Georgia then tried in late 1979 to sell him 1,000 Super Bowl tickets—each had a face value of

continued

\$30, so the total package was worth \$30,000—for \$100 apiece, or a total of \$100,000. Guiver said Mrs. Frontiere sought to camouflage the \$70,000 premiums through car and loan payments.

Enter Rozelle. "Georgia called me to ask my advice as to how she should handle the Guiver situation," Rozelle said. "I said, 'Georgia, as commissioner, I don't like it. If you're asking me, if I were in your shoes, what would I do? I probably, right or wrong, would feel I had a moral and ethical obligation to fulfill my late husband's commitment.' Georgia then said to me, 'Well, if I do, I assure you they're gonna be my worst tickets.'"

Guiver got his 1,000 tickets—he says he gave Georgia a check for only \$30-

000, the total face value; most of his tickets reportedly were then distributed to an L.A. ticket agency. Rozelle today insists that Georgia never discussed the financial details of the transaction with him. What, though, in light of all the ticket-scalping charges in the depositions, would Rozelle do if Georgia called him tomorrow with a situation similar to the Guiver case?

"I'd probably tell her, 'Stiff him,'" Rozelle said.

One thing Georgia never asked Pete, though, was his advice on who should quarterback the Rams, which, her deposition indicates, was a nagging concern, as the following exchange among Georgia and attorneys Joseph L. Alloto and Joseph Cotchett reveals:

Frontiere: There are still some areas [of the L.A. team] I am not satisfied with. For instance...when he [Don Klosterman, general manager] hasn't told me who is going to be quarterback and somebody says who is going to be quarterback and I have to take a guess, you know. That kind of silly little thing that I don't consider too silly, no.

Alloto: Who is [playing quarterback]?

Frontiere: He [Klosterman] told me [Pat] Haden, but I am not so sure.

Cotchett: Better not put that on the record.

Frontiere: I hope it gets in the papers. I want Bobby Lee to be the quarterback. Nobody will listen to me.

Actually, it isn't unusual for a middle-level, \$48,000-a-year front-office employee such as Guiver to find himself with Super Bowl tickets in his hands, although certainly not 1,000 of them. The NFL dis-

tributed the tickets for the 1981 Super Bowl in this way:

- 16,425 to each of the competing teams, Philadelphia and Oakland. The Eagles allotted 12,000 to season subscribers, the Raiders 10,000.

- Rozelle's written guidelines suggest that the Super Bowl competitors should establish a "firm policy" regarding numbers of tickets made available to players, coaches and staff members, with a maximum of 15 per individual. The Raiders and the Eagles both ignored Rozelle's suggestion, offering each player 30 and 20 tickets, respectively, at face value;
- 7,300 to the host team, the Saints;
- 876 to each of the other 25 NFL teams (each NFL player is entitled to purchase a minimum of two tickets at face value);
- Some 2,500 to the owners of luxury suites in the Superdome;
- 10,950 to the NFL office.

Except for the two tickets they must offer to each of their players, NFL teams aren't bound by any official rules as to the distribution of their supply; they just have Rozelle's guidelines. Owners usually keep what they want, then dispense the balance among executives, coaches, scouts, season-ticket holders, local media and office workers. It's common knowledge in the NFL that tickets are given to otherwise underpaid employees not as a bonus but as guaranteed compensation. Tickets then become a form of currency; indeed, they are traded for money, travel and what people in the automobile industry call "loaners," cars that a dealer makes available to friends or business contacts at no charge for varying periods of time.

Rozelle says the NFL office uses its allotment to provide tickets at face value for various groups involved with the league, such as NFL Properties, NFL Films and the NFL Players Association; for representatives of the three television networks; for representatives of the print media, including *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*; for CBS Radio; for major sponsors of league shows and programs; and for league office personnel, including, of course, the commissioner. Also, 1,000 tickets are set aside for a lottery in which all letters to the NFL requesting Super Bowl tickets—if received between Feb. 1 and June 1—are pooled for a drawing; this year more than 6,000 letters were in the pool.

As for his personal supply, Rozelle says he takes care of close friends—and, in one case, a pen pal—by selling them a very limited number of tickets at face value. Last year, Rozelle says, he sold 16 Super Bowl tickets to a longtime acquaintance from Los Angeles, Don Ross, who is director of the special events division of FIRSTOBS, which runs 133 retail travel outlets through its Ask Mr. Foster operation; Ross says he kept 10 tickets for his immediate family and sold the oth-



Davis didn't misce his words when he charged that Rozelle personally profited from scalped tickets, the commissioner says Davis is dead wrong



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or six at face value to a former associate, Peter Uebberoth, now the president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee for the 1984 Summer Games. Rozelle, however, denies flat-out that he ever sold large blocks of tickets to Ross, or anyone else, for use by travel agencies, as Davis has charged.

Then there's Rozelle's pen pal. "One year," he says, "I received a letter that said, 'Dear Mr. Rozelle, I'm a Pan Am stewardess. I'm going with a guy I love very much. He loves football. I think if you'd sell me two tickets to the Super Bowl game, I could hook him.'" Obviously, she did. "Every year," Rozelle continues, "she writes and asks for tickets, saying she wants to give them to an anniversary present, and I take care of her."

So, the market, however black, is there—for seller and buyer. And serving the nation in this marketplace are such performers as NFL club officials like Gunver; registered ticket brokers like Larry Goss, the general manager of Murray's Tickets in Los Angeles; unregistered scalpers like Mark, who refuses to divulge his last name for fear the IRS will pay him a visit; and NFL players like the veteran who, still wearing his practice gear, went out into the parking lot at San Diego two weeks ago, walked to the parked car of a known scalper, put his head through the window on the driver's side and engaged the man in a long discussion; and like the rookie who says he was approached last fall by three teammates and an assistant coach seeking to buy his two tickets for Super Bowl XV.

"One player offered me face value for them," the rookie says. "One of the other two offered me \$300 for both. The third player didn't offer me that much. The coach only offered me \$200 for the pair. He was asking everybody for their tickets. He apparently knew a lot of people who wanted them. It sounded like he'd done it before."

And what did this rookie do with his two tickets?

"I sold them for \$300," he says. In fact, a random check of NFL players indicated that \$300 was the going rate for two tickets to Super Bowl XV.

That assistant coach probably was what the people in the ticket trade call a "runner." A runner takes his booty, however large, and calls someone like Mark or simply shows up at an enterprise such as Murray's Tickets, which is located at the corner of Hoover and

continued



Murray's paid \$150 to \$300 apiece for some 8,000 tickets customers ordered

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SUPER BOWL XV (continued)



Santa Barbara, directly across from the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. Last year Murray's bought and sold some 6,000 Super Bowl seats, purchasing them for between \$150 and \$300 and selling them for between \$200 and \$450. Goss insists that Murray's never buys tickets on speculation. "We buy to order," he says. "You tell me what you want—the quality, how many—and I'll find them. This year it costs at least \$150 to buy a guy out of his seat."

Murray works all year long to secure a guaranteed block of Super Bowl tickets, but demand always exceeds that supply. So, during the playoffs, Murray's opens what it calls "remotes"—hotel rooms that pass as offices—in several NFL cities, speculating that the team in that city might play in the Super Bowl, once a team is eliminated from the playoffs, the remote closes up.

For instance, there was a Murray's remote in Cleveland for a week. But the people at Murray's had little faith in Oakland; the remote there didn't open until the morning after the Raiders won their Super Bowl berth. Once a remote is in operation, buy and sell ads are placed in the classified sections of the area newspapers and contacts are established. When SF's Steve Wulf called the remote in Philadelphia and asked if he could stop by, the answer was, "No way. There's too much money around here."

The expenses Murray's incurs while



Madette Rann denies she demanded a \$70,000 premium for selling 1,000 tickets to Givner (center); she just wants Bob Lee to play quarterback



Mark, a Washington-based scalper, piles his illicit trade on the phone

trying to obtain tickets—hotel charges, airplane flights, classified ads, telephones, etc.—are reflected in the price it charges customers, including travel agencies and individual buyers. Murray's pays taxes and operates in a state in which scalping is legal, as long as it isn't done on the site of the event. Mark, who lives in Washington, D.C., doesn't pay taxes on his ticket profits, and what he does isn't legal. Mark supplements his

\$11,000-per-year salary as a recreation department worker by buying and selling tickets. "I just do it on events that are sure things," he says. "The Super Bowl, the NCAA finals, things like that. I've never lost on a deal, never got stuck with a ticket, even. If I can make a couple of grand a year on this, and I do, it helps for gas."

Unfortunately, Super Bowl XV won't be as profitable for Mark as Super Bowl XIV was. "I had a big contact in Pittsburgh," he says, "and remember, the Rose Bowl has about 30,000 more seats than the Superdome. There were more tickets floating around last year than this year. I had 36 tickets last year and had so many ads in so many papers all around the country that for two weeks my phone was ringing constantly. I'd hang up the phone, it'd ring. Eight in the morning, 10 at night, it was always ringing. Most of the calls were from L.A., but one guy called from Alaska. It all ended the Tuesday before the game. I had to wrap everything up and send the tickets out by registered mail—after I got paid, of course." Mark says he lost 24 pounds during the two weeks it took him to get top dollar for his 36 tickets, but he also gained \$4,000—good gas money.

As for this year's game, Mark says he had fewer than a dozen tickets to move. "I wish they wouldn't play the game in New Orleans," he says. Or as another scalper put it, "Rozelle ought to pass a law that they'll only play the Super Bowl in stadiums with at least 100,000 seats."

For his part, Rozelle says that his office will investigate all suggestions that NFL owners scalped tickets, legally or illegally. He also says that when the owners hold their annual meeting in March in Hawaii, he hopes to introduce tough new NFL laws designed to better control the movement of Super Bowl tickets. So far, though, no one has suggested a bulletproof plan, one remedy Rozelle laughs off is the recommendation that he hire 100 house detectives and have them seek out stool pigeons on each club. Indeed, there may be no answer.

Rozelle is faced with a traditional American enterprise (scalping) and a classic Economics 101 equation—the price of a commodity will rise to its proper level. Maybe Mark put it best. "There are a lot of rich people in this country," he said. "The high rollers always want to go where the action is. And to them, money is nothing."

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Three weeks ago, Lynette Woodard of Kansas University hit a 15-foot jumper early in a victory over Stephen F. Austin to score her 3,206th career point and become the top scorer in the history of women's college basketball. When the season ends, the 6-foot senior forward is a sure bet to join former UCLA star Ann Meyers as the only four-time women All-Americans. But Woodard is doing more than rewriting record books. In addition to her array of spin-moves and fancy passes, she has an extraordinary leaping ability that is changing the face of women's basketball.

She's not only a big scorer (25.5 points a game this season) but also a proficient rebounder (nine a game), much like the stars who preceded her, Meyers, Montclair State's Carol Blazejowski and Old Dominion's Nancy Lieberman. And, reminiscent of Lieberman's, her passing is uncanny.

More important, Woodard is a pioneer. In a game that has been called too slow, too short and just plain boring, she is head and shoulders above her competition. Literally. Strong, with long arms and quick hands, Woodard can fly. Indeed, someday she promises to do something that followers of women's basketball say has never been done: she will dunk in a game. "I can't believe no woman can do it," she says. "But I know that when it's done, by me or anyone else, it will change the game. People will be watching women's games who never wanted to look before, because even though it's only two points, it's still the most exciting two points you can get."

In addition to her offensive prowess, Woodard also plays fine defense. As a sophomore, she led the nation in steals with 193 and was second in rebounding (14.3). As a junior, she was second nationally in steals (177) and led her team in assists (165). Says Kansas Coach Marwan Washington, "People marvel over her O, but she can play D. They dwell on her scoring, but she can pass. And

Kansas' Lynette Woodard, already the alltime leading scorer among women, is now seeking new heights

Far above the crowd

will. But there's so much untapped ability there, it's frightening."

Woodard's career began in an aftermath to tragedy. On Jan. 16, 1965, a U.S. Air Force tanker crashed into a residential area in northeast Wichita, killing 30 persons and narrowly missing Eugene and Dorothy Woodard's home. Moments after the crash, their 5-year-old daughter, Lynette, stood at a neighbor's backyard fence and watched in wonderment as the frame of another house toppled to the ground. "Those are the first memories I

have," says Woodard, now 21. "I guess the mind has a way of telling you, 'Hey girl, this is important.'"

The crash site was a vacant lot for the next five years; then it was made into a city park. At Pruitt Park Lynette Woodard learned to play basketball. "Until then," she says, "my brother Darrell and I just tore up our room playing ball with balled-up paper or socks. So my mom was really happy to see that park."

The courts there brought out the local talent, including KU's other current All-American, Darnell Valentine, who grew up just around the corner. "After a couple of years, I got to love the game," Woodard says. "I was always looking for a chance to play. Soon guys were picking me before they picked their friends. Or I would be doing the picking."

When Woodard was 14, she was invited to try out for the North High girls' team. "They were a pretty poor excuse for a team," she says. "After their coach saw me he wanted me to play on their junior varsity. Can you believe that? I was insulted." Bearing no grudge, the following season she led North to its first Class 5A state championship.

Because the tournament was held at Lawrence, Jayhawk Coach Washington didn't have to go very far for her first glimpse at the sophomore star. "I'd hardly heard of her," she says. "But before the games somebody told me that I'd best look at this young lady." Good advice, because the young lady, all of 5'9" at the time, and playing center, outclassed the competition. "When I saw how gifted she was, I was scared to death," says Washington. The coach resisted any temptation to corner Woodard; instead she whispered a simple "Congratulations" as she hung the championship medal around Woodard's neck. "I didn't want to get into the recruiting thing then," she says. "It just wasn't fair."

Washington made her pitch two years later and won Woodard over the entre-

continued



ies of dozens of other schools. In the next three seasons Woodard led the Jayhawks to an 81-27 record and Top 20 ranking. At the end of last week, Kansas was 14-3 and ranked fifth in the nation.

"For girls like Lynette to succeed is important for all women," says Washington. "It means that whatever their blessed gift is, it has the right to be developed, and can be. And it's important, in particular, for black girls. We've always had role models in sports, but most of them have been white. Now we can have both."

Washington's own athletic achievements are a worthy role model as well. As a basketball player she led West Chester (Pa.) State to the women's national title in 1969. And for three years (1969-71) she toured South America with the U.S. national team. From 1971 to 1974 she was an AAU All-America center-forward for the Raytown (Mo.) Piperettes. Washington also earned AAU honors in track and field, winning the Middle Atlantic discus and shotput titles for six straight years (1964-70) and competing in the Olympic Trials in 1964, '68 and '72. In 1977 she was named Outstanding Black Woman in Sports by Ebony magazine.

Washington and Woodard have developed a close personal bond. At times they seem more like mother and daughter—or best friends—than player and coach. Washington says that before Woodard came to KU, people had "been too comfortable with her skills," letting her simply outplay her opponents rather than teaching her new techniques. "She hardly said 'Good job' to me or anything when I came here," Woodard says. "I was waiting for her to pump me up like everyone else did. But I guess I was looking for someone to really coach me."

Washington's influence on her protegee has been profound. "I have no other role models other than Coach Washington," says Woodard. "She has made me believe that I can accomplish anything if I work. I'll even graduate early, when many of my friends didn't even think of going to college, because she made me feel it was worth it."

An Academic All-America last year, Woodard has a 3.1 GPA and will get her degree in speech communication in May. After graduation she would like to play in the professional Women's Basketball League. "I know that they've had to struggle in the WBL," she says. "And every girl who wants to play appreciates

what they're going through, like those behind us will appreciate what we've done. What people don't want to believe is that in 10 years, skill like mine will be normal, as it is with the men. Heck, guys 5'9" can dunk now. Most of the girls are just happy to have this chance. And most would play for nothing."

But, tell us please, Lynette, can you dunk? She smiles her shiest smile. "I just can't go out there and do it for no reason," she says. "I need the excitement of a game to reach those last few inches." That means a big game, big lead and an open fast break, all of which occurred in an early-season game against Iowa State at Allen Field House in Lawrence.

"When I led the break, even my teammates were yelling for me to throw it down," she says. "But I like to surprise people, so I just laid it in. But the next time I just ran down slow, then took off. I thought I had it." She didn't, the ball caroming off the rim.

"It will take that moment when timing and everything is in sync," says the coach. "But it's not what's really important. Unfortunately, when you're immature you believe the spectacular matters, not consistency." But, she admits, "If spectacular plays are what it takes to make people notice women in this sport, then Lynette wants to do it. And she can." And if you don't believe it, just ask the boys at Pratt Park.

THE WEEK

January 15-18
by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST Quick story: When is a game over? If you said, "When time runs out," you're wrong. If you answered, "When the final buzzer or horn or gun sounds," you're 0 for 2. An Edinboro State and host Lock Haven State learned during a Pennsylvania Conference battle a game isn't over until the officials say so. In this case, referees Bob King and Pat Scullen called the teams back on the floor 30 minutes after Lock Haven's Bald Eagles left with what they felt was an 84-82 home-court victory. At least that's what the scoreboard said. But while checking their books after the game, both scorekeepers came up with 84 points for the Fighting Scots, so an overtime period was ordered. First, however, a substitute scoreboard operator was enlisted because the regular one had gone home. Lock Haven finally won af-

ter the second extra period 97-92. The Bald Eagles' Ken Richter scored 27 points.

Maryland fans also learned that victory can never be assumed. With 55 seconds left in a showdown with Virginia for first place in the ACC, the Terrapins led 63-60 and had hot-shooting Ernest Graham at the foul line as a bonus situation. Graham missed, and Virginia's Jeff Jones canned a jumper to make the score 63-62 with 39 seconds left. After Dutch Morley made it 64-62 and then missed his bonus free throw, Jeff Lamp led the game on a jump shot with 10 seconds remaining. Graham, who had trouble rebounding the ball, waited too long to call a time-out and the Cavaliers got the game's last points on Lamp's baseline six seconds from the end. Virginia later beat Georgia Tech 85-88, and Maryland was a 68-61 overtime winner at Clemson. The Tigers, who had won their last 22 home games, led 42-36 at halftime of a fast-paced contest. The Terps' triangle-and-two zone slowed the action in the second half and held Clemson to 16 points. With Albers King scoring six of his 22 points in the extra period, Maryland clawed an comeback.

By winning 76-73 at Duke and beating North Carolina State 69-52, Wake Forest stayed within half a game of Virginia. ACC rivalry has been rare for the Deacons—two in the last three seasons—but a 15-point edge, with 13 minutes left, helped them survive the Blue Devils. North Carolina State returned to a walklike pace against the Deacons, who handled it well and ran their record to 14-0, their first win since 1927.

North Carolina squandered a 14-point advantage over North Carolina State, but James Worley, who had 22 points and 10 rebounds, put the Tar Heels back in front 63-62 when he scored from inside. After the 73-70 triumph, North Carolina drabbed Duke 80-65.

"There's been some emphasis on winning since on playing well, and we've got to get back to doing that," said Coffey Thompson of Connecticut following the Huskies' 61-58 win at New Hampshire after leading by 17. In a Big East game, Boston College landed Connecticut's first loss, 58-57. After BC's Bennett Adams stole the ball with 5:50 left, the Eagles stalled until John Bagley sank a jumper for a 57-51 lead with 1:22 to go. Three days later, on the third anniversary of the Hartford Civic Center roof collapse, Connecticut brought down the roof again by beating St. John's 69-68. Chuck Aleksian had 25 points for the Huskies. His last basket putting them ahead 67-66. After the Redmen regained the lead Thompson got the last of his 22 points on an 18-footer with eight seconds left.

Craigie's Mike Ferrata, who is second in the nation in scoring with a 28.9 average, pumped in 42 points during a 91-90 win over Bucknell. That was more points than either team had when Catholic University stopped the Red Raiders 38-37 in triple overtime. In that game, Ferrata scored seven points.

Another high scorer, Boo Bowers of American University, was sidelined with a badly sprained right knee. Bowers, who'll be out for three to six weeks, was third in the nation with a 27-point average, and his career average of 22.2 was the highest for any senior in the country. Even without Bowers, American beat Bucknell 75-65 for its ninth straight win, a team record.

WEST

The loudest noises in the Pacific Northwest since Mount St. Helens erupted came from the chest-thumping of Oregon State rosters, who were wildly ecstatic that their team had been ranked No. 1 in the polls. Never before had the Beavers been voted first in any sport, and their accomplishments on the court did much to assuage the frustrations of an 0-11 football season. The No. 1 ranking was also a first for craggy-faced Coach Ralph Miller, now in his 36th season of coach talk. Waiting for a shot at the eager Beavers last Saturday in Corvallis was archrival Oregon. Speaking of Oregon State's possible weaknesses, all Duck Coach Jim Hanes could come up with was: "I'm not fond of their colors." But for a few minutes it seemed the Orange and Beavers might wind up black and blue. The Beavers missed their first six shots and went nearly five minutes without scoring. Furthermore, Center Steve Johnson was benched after drawing two quick fouls and Miller received a technical for protesting the calls. After that, however, the Orange Express hobbled to an 82-55 win. Johnson came back to get 24 points, tied a Pac-10 mark by sinking all 10 of his floor shots and raised his field-goal accuracy to 79.1%, well ahead of the NCAA record 71.0% he set last season. As a team, Oregon State is shooting 59.0% this season, more than a point better than the NCAA mark established a year ago by Missouri.

Arizona State was second in the league following a pair of home victories, 78-74 over UCLA in triple overtime and 69-55 over Southern Cal. Two Williams kept the Sun Devils rolling. Paul Williams' two baskets in the final period helped Jay the Bruins, who were outscored 51-34. Alton Lister, who had 22 points against UCLA, strained ligaments in his right knee in that game and sat out the next. No problem. Sam Williams, normally a forward, took over as center for Lister and scored 27 points to beat USC. Meanwhile, UCLA blew a 12-point second-half lead at Arizona but averted a third straight loss when Darren Daye broke a 76-76 dead-lock with a 15-foot, last-second jumper.

Like UCLA, Notre Dame and Brigham Young were bushwhacked on the road. In a game in Oakland, San Francisco befuddled the Irish with a switching man-to-man defense, led 35-25 at halftime and held on for a 66-63 overtime win. Ken McAlister put the Dons on top 64-63 by sinking two foul shots in the last 14 seconds. And then Guard Quint

SI TOP 20

1. OREGON STATE (13-0)	1*
2. DePAUL (15-1)	2
3. VIRGINIA (13-0)	3
4. LOUISIANA ST. (14-1)	6
5. WAKE FOREST (14-0)	7
6. KENTUCKY (11-2)	4
7. TENNESSEE (12-2)	11
8. ARIZONA ST. (13-2)	18
9. UCLA (9-3)	5
10. IOWA (11-2)	13
11. MARYLAND (12-3)	9
12. NOTRE DAME (9-3)	8
13. UTAH (15-1)	14
14. S. ALABAMA (15-1)	16
15. CLEMSON (13-3)	10
16. ILLINOIS (11-2)	19
17. BYU (13-3)	15
18. MICHIGAN (11-2)	12
19. MINNESOTA (10-3)	17
20. N. CAROLINA (12-4)	20

* Last week

an Dailey, who picked apart every defense used by Notre Dame, added two more free throws to finish with 21 points. Later in the week, San Francisco opened its West Coast AC competition by coming from behind to defeat Gonzaga 63-61 and then hanging on to the last two points of an 18-point advantage to edge Portland 88-86.

BYU was corralled at Texas-El Paso 64-62 when Julius Wayne settled a 20-foot shot with four seconds remaining. The Cougars had earlier survived a 44-point bombing by New Mexico's Kenny Page, winning 92-87 as Danny Ainge scored 28 points and Fred Roberts 21. Tom Chambers twice scored 23 points as Utah won 69-64 at El Paso and 82-76 in overtime at New Mexico. The Utes sank 28 of 36 free throws against the Lobos, got 24 points from Danny Vranes and boosted their WAC record to 5-0. Wyoming was 13-2 overall and tied with Utah after drubbing Colorado State 85-54.

Idaho had a 15-1 record and was 4-0 in the Big Sky after downing Nevada-Reno 63-59 and Boise State 57-45 in league games. The on-target Vandals are shooting 56% from the floor, the second-best mark in the country.

MIDWEST

Creighton's 6' 7", 220-pound George Morrow gets little appreciation because, as Coach Tom Apke puts it, "He's more of a blue-collar player than an executive type. He does the dirty work." But in a 54-51 victory over visiting Bradley that left the Bluejays atop the Missouri Valley Conference, Morrow was the box in three categories, scoring 22 points, grabbing 14 rebounds and figuring in most of

the pivotal plays near the end, one a three-pointer that gave Creighton a 52-47 lead. Moreover, he didn't neglect his defense. With Morrow hounding him when the Bluejays went man-to-man, Mitchell Anderson, the Braves' big gun, was held to just 10 points.

In the future, Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton is likely to be more guarded about his comments—especially those about opponents' guards. Before Baylor came to town, Sutton said the Bears' guards "aren't great ball handlers. We feel we can put some pressure on them." Those backcourtiers—Jay Shaker and Pat Nunley—let the words sink in and then, fully aroused, left the Hogs wallowing in a 67-58 loss. Shaker scored 15 points and dished out seven assists, and he and Nunley committed only three turnovers. Baylor, which earlier in the week beat Rice 72-61, thus improved its Southwest Conference record to 4-0. Another guard, freshman Jay Harper of Texas, had 16 points during an earlier 62-60 upset at Arkansas. "When a team gets used to running, it's hard on them when they can't," said Coach Abe Lemons, who had his Longhorns slow down the tempo.

Texas A&M finally ended its Humpty-Dumpty routine. After five successive defeats, the Aggies put all the pieces back together again by beating Southern Methodist 71-51.

Three teams shared the top spot in the Big Eight with 2-0 records. Oklahoma State, which is 12-2 overall, beat Nebraska 81-70. Kansas stopped Iowa State 70-58 and won at Oklahoma 82-78. And Missouri overpowered Oklahoma 81-52 and Iowa State 92-69 at home. Those victories gave the Tigers a seven-game winning streak, and that's where it ended when Louisville beat them 71-49 on Sunday. The Cardinals, who are scrambling to avenge a disappointing start, got 19 points from Freshman Lancaster Gordon.

MIDEAST

"When it got to three seconds and we were ahead by six, I figured we had it won if we could keep the gym from burning down," Alabama Coach Wimp Sanderson said after the Tide stunned Kentucky 59-55. It might not have been a gym-burner, but the game was definitely a burn-burner. The Wildcats were held to 40% shooting by a zone that kept them away from the basket and the Tide shot 44.4% against a willing man-to-man. After 13 ties and nine lead changes, Alabama went ahead to stay 53-51 with 4:44 left. Eddie Adams put it there with a jumper and rounded out his 20-point performance with two free throws that made the score 57-53.

Earlier, Kentucky beat Mississippi at home 64-55, with school-record 78.6% shooting in the first half. Nevertheless, the Rebels trailed by only five at the half because they shot 75%. Wildcat Coach Joe Hall was angry about his team's defense, saying, "We didn't cut off the baseline and that's what you're supposed to do when you're in the zone. Maybe

continued

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some of our players have holes in them."

Alabama had come close to another upset earlier in the week when the Tide led LSU 40-28 early in the second half. The Tigers recovered to win 59-56 thanks to superior shooting—58% to 45% from the floor and 72% to 50% from the foul line. LSU got off to a better start at home against Georgia, building a 16-8 lead in Durand Macklin scored 12 quick points. At game's end, Macklin had 21 points and 13 rebounds, and the Bulldogs had been charged with 23 turnovers and suffered a 78-65 defeat. The week's action left LSU one game ahead of Kentucky in the Southeastern Conference race.

Tennessee's Gary Carter swished as 30 points during a 78-64 win over Florida and 21 more as the Vols beat Vanderbilt 72-66. Georgia doused Mississippi State 66-64 as Dominique Wilkins accentuated his 31 points with three dunks. This season, Wilkins, a 6' 7" sophomore, already has 30-odd steals, a 24.3 scoring average and 35 blocked shots.

Just as Coach Ray Meyer had hoped, his team's loss to Old Dominion the week before awoke his slumbering Blue Demons. Mark Aguirre was the sparkplug during two spirited practices following that defeat. Then, after Aguirre hit on 15 of 21 shots and had 36

points, seven rebounds and seven assists in a 93-67 win over St. Louis, he volunteered the squad for another long workout the next day. That done, Aguirre had 25 more points as DePaul defeated Wagner 90-75.

Rebounding from losses to Marquette and San Francisco, Notre Dame knocked off Hofstra. The Flying Dutchmen trailed only 57-53 with 1:37 left, before succumbing 65-55.

South Alabama breezed past North Carolina at Charlotte 80-63 in a Sun Belt game and clobbered Nicholls State 95-62. Ed Rains scoring 31 points for the Jaguars in the first and 23 in the second. In other Sun Belt action, South Florida downed Alabama-Birmingham 79-77. The Bulls, 6-21 last season, have won 11 straight and are 13-4.

Mark Smith of Illinois did a little bit of everything during two Big Ten wins at home. While the Illini beat Purdue 87-65 and Minnesota 80-76, Smith accumulated 36 points, 14 rebounds, 13 assists, seven steals and two blocked shots.

Decisive first-half spurts enabled Iowa to take two road games, 76-66 at Wisconsin and 73-58 at Michigan. The Hawkeyes broke away from a 24-all tie with the Badgers by outscoring them 17-6 and blew away the Wolverines with a 17-2 burst. Wisconsin's Claude

Gregory had 32 points against Iowa and 27 during a 71-69 loss to Purdue.

There was one second left in overtime at Michigan when Indiana Coach Bobby Knight walked off the floor and left his team behind. Knight was in no mood to see if Mike McGee of the Wolverines would add to his 21-point total when he stepped to the foul line

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARY SPRINGER: The 6' 7" Iowa freshman had 58 points, 23 rebounds and two game-winning shots. He beat Wagner 82-80 with a basket at the buzzer, and his 20-footer with six seconds to go nipped Holy Cross 57-56.

with the Hoosiers trailing 55-52. He missed, Bobby. Michigan's Bodnar twins were instrumental in the outcome, Murty sinking two free throws for a 52-50 lead and Mark adding three more in the last 23 seconds. On Sunday, Indiana beat Ohio State 67-60.

Ohio University's 78-63 victory over Bowling Green gave the Bobcats reason to celebrate. After all, it ended a two-year, 12-game string of losses.

END

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COUGAR



*Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

What a difference a year makes

As last season began, Jack Nicklaus, nearing 40, was down on himself and his game. Then he won the U.S. Open and the PGA, and now, though he didn't figure in the Hope, he's thinking Grand Slam

There was something for everyone at the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. last week. There was Bruce Lietzke getting off to his annual hot start on the tour by winning the 90-hole tournament with a record-breaking score of 335, an eye-popping 25 under par, after fending off the cunning play of Jerry Pate, both on and off the course. Lietzke, a bachelor, has been dating Pate's sister-in-law, Rose Nelson. Finding himself two shots down to Lietzke after four rounds, Pate threatened to fly Rose in from Pensacola, Fla. before Sunday's final round. Duffers in the gallery could take solace in seeing rookie Gary Hallberg, a four-time collegiate All-America, hitting his approach shot to the 16th green on Friday from the roof of the clubhouse. Political observers could watch House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who was teamed with former President Gerald Ford and tournament host Hope, reputedly drive to the right, perhaps in preparation for the new Administration. There was also the usual assortment of Jack Lemmons and Lawrence Welks. But perhaps the biggest attraction in the field was a professional golfer from North Palm Beach, Fla. Blond hair, blue eyes, 19 major championships.

It was early for Jack Nicklaus to be out playing golf in public, the Hope being only the second event of the year, but there he was, shooting opening rounds of 68 and 67. And though he followed with a killing 74 in the third round, a lackluster 71 on Saturday and a 69 on Sunday to finish tied for 28th, Nicklaus was pleased with himself and clearly eager to get his game in shape. "I'm excited about playing this year," he said, "I have an opportunity to make 1981 the best year I've ever had."

For Nicklaus, that means just one

thing: improving his performance in the four majors. Where he finishes on the official money list means little to him anymore. "I'm never going to be in the money race again," he said, "because I don't play enough. Last year I was in 13 events, and I'll probably play that many this year. I measure my success by how I play in the Masters, the PGA and the U.S. and British opens."

Doing better in those events is indeed a Nicklaus-sized project. Last year he won the U.S. Open and the PGA, finished fourth in the British Open and was almost invisible in the Masters. Not too bad. Yet last week he was saying things like, "The most I've ever won in a year is two majors." True, but he has done it five times.

So Nicklaus' 1981 line sounds suspiciously like Grand Slam talk. Is it possible that Jack, who turned 41 three days after the Desert Classic, thinks he can win all four majors in one year, something no one has ever done? More interesting, can this be the same person who in 1980—approaching the psychological watershed age of 40 and coming off his most dismal season ever—was talking about playing less?

"I spent the first six months of 1980 trying to figure my way out of 1979, when I hadn't won anything," Nicklaus said last week. "And by the time I got it sorted out, there were only two months left. The Masters was disappointing. I felt sluggish and dull all week. Then I played Memorial, and tee to green my game was



In the wee hours of New Year's Day, Jack had a good omen: he holed his first putt of '81, a 30-footer

terrific but I putted godawful. Finally, it all came together at the Open. When the PGA was over in August, the season was over. It wasn't even two months."

Just after midnight on New Year's morning, a day after having returned to Florida from a ski trip to Vail, Colo. and Park City, Utah, Nicklaus had what he calls his "first good omen of 1981." Under the illumination of a floodlight trained on the putting green in his backyard, Nicklaus stood over a 30-footer and announced to the gathered celebrants, "This is my first putt of the new year. Let's see how it goes."

His stroke was sure and the ball never wavered on its way to the heart of the cup. Later that day, he went out to practice short shots and holed the first chip he hit.

Since then Nicklaus has played all but one day. "It's fun to do well. I enjoy it," he said, the enthusiasm surfacing as he described the pleasure of playing with his oldest son, Jackie, home for the holidays from the University of North Carolina, where he's a freshman. "Jackie can't wait to get started every day. He's up early, grabbing me, yelling, 'Come on, Dad!' It's great. My game is coming back quickly, especially the long shots. The putting takes longer."

After his 74 on Friday took him out of contention at Palm Springs, Nicklaus skipped a session on the practice tee to take a look at a course being constructed nearby. Tom Fazio, the architect, met him in the makeshift golf shop of the Vintage Club and led him on a tour in a golf cart. Vintage is an imaginative design that winds through a narrow valley at the base of the Santa Rosa Mountains. As Fazio explained the details and difficulties of the project, Nicklaus listened intently.

The questions Nicklaus asked were technical and knowledgeable. What kind of grass? How much did the layout cost? Where were the drainage pipes? Were special permits needed for certain features of the course? What about the adjacent real-estate development?

Nicklaus complimented Fazio on his design and thanked him for his courtesy. This had been more than a social call. Jack is about to build a course at The Springs, a few miles away, and wanted to hear firsthand about some of the prob-

lems he might encounter in the desert. Not that Nicklaus is a novice at this game, either. Fifteen courses of his design are now open.

His approach to golf-course architecture and construction is the same as his approach to the major tournaments. He wants to leave an indelible mark on the game, to be counted among the greatest, to surpass those who have come before and those who will follow. Nicklaus' Muirfield Village outside Columbus, Ohio is the home of the prestigious Memorial Tournament; Shoal Creek in Birmingham has been selected as the site of the 1984 PGA championship. Thus, if Nicklaus stays on his game, it's possible for him to become the first player ever to win a major title on a course he designed. A dozen other Nicklaus courses, worldwide, are under construction or about to be started.

"Designing and playing complement each other," Jack said. "One feeds off the other, though the design aspect owes more to the playing than the other way around."

Golf may dominate Nicklaus' life, but it doesn't fill it. "My family is very important," he said, "in fact, the most important thing. After that comes playing and then business."

He looked at his watch. "It's 10 o'clock at home. They should just be getting home from the basketball game..." He dialed his number and after getting a detailed account of the game, a close one in which son Steve's team prevailed by one point, he asked how Steve, a high school senior, had done in physics.

Leaving Fazio's course at dusk, Nicklaus ruminated about the poor round he'd shot that afternoon. His earlier 68 and 67 had been at La Quinta and Tamarisk, the more difficult of the four courses the Hope is played on, Indian Wells, where he'd gotten his 74, is considered the easiest. "I just hate playing poorly on an easy course," Jack said. "It's how I'm built: once I let an easy course get to me, I can't bring my game back. I play differently on difficult courses."

What about courses like Augusta and Merion, where the Open will be played in June?

Nicklaus, the player/architect, spoke: "They've put bent grass on the greens at

Augusta, and that'll make the course play more the way it used to. Those greens haven't been really hard and fast for more than 12 years. The scores will go up at this year's Masters, I'll bet. It'll really be fun to see it play the old way again."

In the 1971 Open at Merion Nicklaus finished deadlocked with Lee Trevino, at 280, and then lost the 18-hole playoff. "I'm looking forward to returning," he said, "but with a different result."

And what about the British Open, this year being held at Royal St. George's, in Sandwich, England, for the first time since 1949? Nicklaus played there in his only British Amateur in 1959. "I lost in the quarterfinals to Bill Hyndman," he said. "I did win another event there, the Royal St. George's Trophy. It was the most miserable day, raining, wind blowing every which way and very cold. In those days I was using an old, wooden-shafted putter. I four-putted the first hole and had 23 putts for the entire round. I don't remember what I shot, but Deane Beman was the only other player to break 80 that day."

It was dark when Nicklaus arrived back at the guesthouse he was sharing in Rancho Mirage with Chuck Perry, the president of Golden Bear Inc., which handles Nicklaus' commercial ventures, Angelo Argea, his longtime caddie, and Ron McHam, an old college chum from Columbus. No one else was home yet.

"I don't have a key," he announced, testing the door. It was locked. In the desert chill, he zipped up his blue windbreaker and leaned on the wrought-iron gate, waiting. A nearly full moon climbed the desert sky.

"Winning the Open in June was the most satisfying moment of my career," he said. "People have asked me when I knew for sure I would win. Not until I hit that second shot onto the 18th green Sunday afternoon. Honest. Shooting 63 in the opening round does make you think there's a chance, but I never had an undeniable feeling I would win." The memory of the victory danced in the retelling. "If I had orchestrated it, I couldn't have done it better. I wouldn't change a single thing about it."

Soft lights from nearby houses reflected on his face, still glowing tan from Rocky Mountain sun; his hair shone golden as he spoke, young again. **END**

The riddle all of last week in Boston was what does it take to be the undisputed No. 1 middleweight contender? Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the champion of all the world's 160-pounders, supplied the answer in that marvelous old relic, Boston Garden, Saturday night: not a hell of a lot.

The No. 1 challenger according to both the World Boxing Association and the World Boxing Council was Fulgencio Obelmejias, a 28-year-old Venezuelan with a thirst for American history, a hunger for clam chowder—which he called *chupr chipi* soup—and all the fighting ability of a quahog. He came to the U.S. with a 30-0 record, which included 28 knockouts, and went on to prove that while it might be possible to learn how

to fight in a cemetery, it isn't possible if you only take on the residents.

"How did he get to be No. 1?" Hagler wondered aloud, along with everyone else, a few days before his first defense of the title he'd won with a third-round knockout of Alan Minter of England in September. The 28-year-old champion pondered that question before a blazing wood fire at the Provincetown Inn on the frozen tip of Cape Cod, 120 miles from Boston. It was there that he had trained for six weeks in preparation for a fight whose outcome would be obvious by the second round but wouldn't

Middleweight champ Hagler's obscure No. 1 challenger was sent into oblivion

end until 20 seconds into the eighth round. Outside the cozy inn, a strong wind sent clouds of swirling snow whipping across the frozen seascape. Occasionally the forlorn call of a complaining seagull would pierce the whistle of the wind.

"When I was working my way up the ratings, Obelmejias wasn't behind me," Hagler said, staring into the fire. "Nobody was jumping me over anybody, from seventh to fourth, or fourth to No. 1. But all of a sudden I get to be champ, and here's a guy from nowhere right behind me. I've got to figure somebody in the WBA or the WBC said, 'Hey, I think this guy can beat Hagler,' and they jumped him up to No. 1. And when I knock him out they'll find somebody else they think can beat me and jump him into No. 1. If that's the way it is, why even have ratings?"

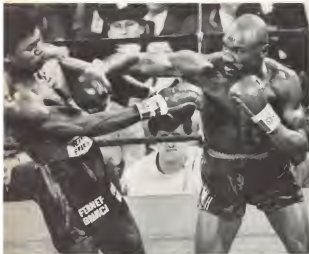
While Hagler's voice is soft, his words are hard, his demeanor chilling. The title hasn't thawed him a bit. He can't forget the many lean years when others got the title fights he thought he deserved. He smolders when he thinks of the fat purses, of the recognition that should have been his. Now he's the champion, but the hunger is still with him. That's why he sometimes screamed at the early morning sky, startling the gulls into flight, as he ran along the dunes.

"I remember everything they did to me. I'll never forgive them," says Hagler, referring to the WBA and WBC. With his shaven head and hairy lip and chin, the champion takes on a Memphis-tophelion look when angry. "I want to stay bitter. I use it; I feed on it. That's why I put myself in jail like this to train for a fight. I want to be mean. All I want to think of is destruction. Then nobody can take from me what's mine. The only way they'll get the title from me is to kill me."

In Boston, Obelmejias seemed to be training more for an exam in American history than for a fistfight. His first request upon arriving was to be taken to Plymouth Rock, and then he wanted to see the U.S.S. Constitution, which is moored to a pier in Charlestown.

continued

Marvin's mystery guest



Amateur historian Obelmejias (left) must have felt as though he were in on a new Boston Massacre.

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The No. 1 contender also trained, but not very well. Mornings, heavily bundled against the bitter cold, he ran along the Charles, from the Museum of Science to the Boston University Bridge and back. When he wasn't sightseeing or spooning up clam chowder, he usually stayed in his hotel room studying an English-Spanish dictionary or watching television. *Sesame Street*, with its Spanish/English lessons, was his favorite. On the Wednesday before the fight he caught a cold.

"Can he fight?" said Rodolfo Sabatini, an Italian promoter, smiling at the question. Sabatini had promoted Obelmejas' last three fights, all in Italy. "Yes, he can fight. He can punch and he can move his hands. The only thing I don't know about is his heart. I've never seen him in trouble because he never fought anybody who could get him in trouble."

The people Obelmejas fought to gain his ranking included George Lee, an American he knocked out in one round in November of 1979. From March 15, 1979 until that November, Lee had four bouts, losing all four. From Nov. 17, when Obelmejas fought him, until Jan. 27, 1980, a period of 71 days, Lee was knocked out five more times on three continents, in four countries and in five cities. Still, Obelmejas' victory over Lee earned the Venezuelan a jump from No. 5 to No. 4 in the WBC rankings.

Then there was Carlos Marks of Trinidad, whom Obelmejas stopped in nine to win the Central American and Caribbean middleweight titles in 1978. It was Marks' eighth loss over a 13-fight span.

There wasn't a world-class fighter on the No. 1 contender's record. No matter. The No. 1 contender's manager is Rafito Cedeño, a force in Venezuelan boxing and a friend of both WBC President José Sulaimán and WBA President Rodrigo Sanchez. In the past few months no fewer than six of Cedeño's fighters have been in title fights; five lost. The lone victor was Rafael Orozco, the WBC superflyweight champion, who beat Jovito Regnifo, who is also in the Cedeño stable in Caracas. Cedeño not only had both fighters in that one, he was also the promoter. Nice guy to have in your corner if you're looking to be No. 1.

But against Hagler, all Obelmejas' status did was earn him \$100,000 and get him semi-killed. In fact, Hagler came closer to losing his title in a driveway on the afternoon of the fight

than he did in the ring that night.

The evening before, the champion had driven in from Cape Cod to Avon, a small town 20 miles south of Boston. Ten inches of snow fell overnight and the next morning, when Hagler went out to drive to the noon weigh-in, his rented limo was snowbound. It took six men to shovel the car free. At that, the champion was 47 minutes late. If he'd been two hours late he would have lost the title without a punch having been thrown.

Once the bell rang Obelmejas had no chance. The anger that helps make Hagler such a good fighter is kept under control in the ring. In winning 51 of 55 fights (two draws), he has had 42 knockouts, yet he isn't simply a puncher. He's the complete boxer operating with the knowledgeable detachment of a surgeon, graceful and flowing, unleashing punches in ever-changing patterns, hardly ever in bursts of fewer than three, mixing his jabs and crosses and hooks and uppercuts until they become a blur.

If he gets a man in trouble, Hagler will work to take him out quickly. But should the man escape, Hagler will revert to methodically ripping his opponent apart piece by piece. Patience is his trademark.

In the first round against Obelmejas, Hagler did little, contenting himself with studying his unknown prey at close quarters. Then he put into play the strategy devised by his managers-trainers, the brothers Petronelli, Goody and Pat. "Pressure him," they'd ordered. "Stay on top of him and make him fight a full three minutes." Obelmejas didn't help his own cause by fighting a stupid fight. He's 6' 1", with a 72-inch reach, yet instead of staying outside, where he presumably would've been more effective, he, too, elected to work close.

Badly battered from the second round on, Obelmejas, who could deliver nothing beyond a few uppercuts, fell in the sixth from a thunderous right to the head. Struggling up, he took an eight count and then survived a savage pounding to the end of the round. No one can ever again question his heart.

In the seventh, though Obelmejas tried desperately to pull the fight out with wild rights, he took more of the same. At the end, bleeding from the mouth and a small cut under his left eye, he returned to his corner on old legs. Early in the eighth round, Hagler drilled home a savage right to the head, and the No. 1 con-



After belting Obelmejas, Hagler flashed his belt.

tender reeled back into the ropes. "That's it," said referee Octavio Meyran of Mexico, waving Hagler off.

In his dressing room, Obelmejas held an ice pack against his right hand. "I broke the thumb in the second round," he said, "and I couldn't breathe. The cold, it bothered me. I want to fight him again."

"Again?" said a surprised visitor. "Have you ever fought anyone as tough as that?"

"Oh, yes," said the No. 1 contender.

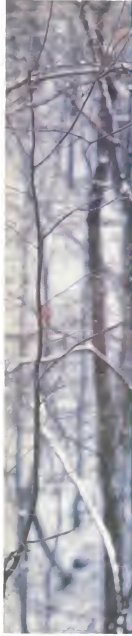
But Obelmejas will have to wait. Hagler, who was paid \$500,000 for this fight, has planned a May defense against former champion Vito Antuofermo in Boston. There's also talk of a March fight against Chong-Pal Park in South Korea, should the money be right. And then there's the big two: the welterweight champions, Tommy Hearns and Sugar Ray Leonard, both of whom would like to move up.

"Which one, Hearns or Leonard?" Hagler was asked.

The champion grinned. "Either one. I want to make \$5 million like everybody else."

Then, perhaps, the bitterness will be put to bed.

ENR



THE RABBIT HUNTER

Bobby Knight may be tremendously successful on the court, but off it, Indiana's controversial basketball coach often stalks the insignificant

by FRANK DEFORD

Success is feminine and like a woman; if you cringe before her, she will override you. So the way to treat her is to show her the back of your hand. Then maybe she will do the crawling.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER

I: RABBITS

As Bobby Knight is the first to say, a considerable part of his difficulty in the world at large is the simple matter of appearance. "What do we call it?" he wonders. "Countenance. A lot of my problem is just that too many people don't go beyond countenances."

That's astute—Bobby Knight is an astute man—but it's not so much that his appearance is unappealing. No, like so much of him, his looks are merely at odds. Probably, for example, no mat-

continued





BOBBY KNIGHT

continued



Knight, an earnest teacher, instructs Jim Bias (above) and Josh Thomas on some fine points



ter how well you know Coach Knight, you have never been informed—much less noticed yourself—that he's dimpled. Well, he is, and invariably when anyone else has dimples, a great to-do is made about them. But, in Bobby's case, being dimpled just won't fly.

After all: DIMPLED COACH RAGES AGAIN. No. But then, symbolically, Knight doesn't possess dimples, plural, as one would expect. He has only the prize one, on his left side. Visualize him, standing in line, dressed like the New Year's Baby, when they were handing out dimples. He gets the one on his left side. "What the bleep is this?" says little Bobby, drawing away.

"Wait, wait!" cries the Good Fairy or the Angel Gabriel or whoever's in charge of distributing dimples. But it's too late. Bobby has no time for this extraneous crap with dimples. He's already way down the line, taking extras on bile.

"Countenances," Knight goes on, wearily. "I just don't have the personality that connotes humor. It kills me. I get castigated just for screaming in some official. And the other coach? Oh, he's perfect, he's being deified, and I know he's one of the worst cheaters in the country. It's like I tell my players: your biggest opponent isn't the other guy. It's human nature."

Knight happens to be a substance guy in a style world. Hey, he could look very good in polyester and boots and one of those teardrop haircuts that anchormen and male stewardesses wear. Very good: he's tall, 6' 5", and dimpled (as we know) and handsome, and the gray hair and embryonic potbelly that have come to him as he crosses into his 41st winter are pleasant modifying effects.

In the early '60s, when Knight was a big-talking substitute on the famous Jerry Lucas teams at Ohio State, he was known as Dragon. Most people think it was in honor of his fire-snorting mien, with the bright and broken nose that wanders down his face and makes everything he says appear to have an exclamation mark. Only this was not so. He was called Dragon because when he came to Ohio State, he told everybody he was the leader of a motorcycle gang

called the Dragons. This was pure fabrication, of course, but all the fresh-scrubbed crew cuts on the team lapped it up. It was easy. People have always been charmed by him, or conned; anyway, he gets in the last word.

It's never neat, of a piece. When Knight stands up, coaching, with his hands in his pockets, he looks like a street-corner guy. But with his tousled hair, the tie forever undone, there's also a childish aspect to his appearance:

Wear your tie, Bobby.

All right, Mom, I'll put it on, but I won't tie it tight.

The boy-coach who got his first major-college head-coaching job at 24 may be middle-aged now, but still, every day, in some way, adolescence must be conquered again. "Listen to me," Woody Hayes pleaded with him once. "Listen to me, Bobby, because I've made a lot of mistakes and you don't have to repeat mine."

The real issue isn't the countenance, anyway. The real issue is the rabbits. And Knight knows that. In the Indiana locker room before a game earlier this season, Knight was telling his players to concentrate on the important things. He said, "How many times I got to tell you? Don't fight the rabbits. Because, boys, if you fight the rabbits, the elephants are going to kill you." But the coach doesn't listen to himself. He's always chusing after the incidental; he's still a prodigy in search of proportion. "There are too many rabbits around," he says. "I know that. But it doesn't do me any good. Instead of fighting the elephants, I just keep going after the rabbits." And it's the rabbits that are doing him in, ruining such a good thing.

Pete Newell, the former Cal coach, a mentor: "There are times Bobby comes so close to self-destructing." Edwin Cady, a Duke University professor, after the Indiana Athletics Committee he chaired recommended Knight's hiring in 1971. "He's in a race now between overcoming immaturity and disaster." And even the warmest, most benign observers of the man offer variations on these themes.

Others are much more critical—espe-

cially since the sad events of July 1979 at the Pan American Games in Puerto Rico when Knight, the U.S. basketball coach, was arrested for aggravated assault on a police officer (and subsequently convicted in absentia and sentenced to six months in prison). "Bobby's so intelligent, but he has tunnel vision," says another Midwestern coach. "None of that stuff in Puerto Rico had to happen. On the contrary, he could've come out of there a hero. But he's a bully, always having to put people down. Someday, I'm afraid, he's going to be a sad old man." Says an Eastern coach. "He'll get away with the bullying and the vulgarity only so long as he wins. But the shame is, he's so smart, and he's so faithful to his principles, so why can't he understand that other people have principles too?"

Such criticism doesn't necessarily affect Knight in the ways and to the extent that most people imagine. In a sense, he enjoys being misunderstood, so no one can get a fix on him. It's like the effect Indiana's good defense has on the coaches of its opponents. "The average coach wants his team to score points," Knight says. "It's his character, his machismo, whatever you want to call it, that's at stake. So if I make a coach concerned enough about my defense stopping his offense, then he'll forget about my offense."

Though Knight may not give a hoot whether most people like him, it genuinely upsets him that anyone might think he's impulsive, much less berserk. "Hey, I'm not dumb, and too many people look at our operation as if we're all dumb here," he says. "Only people really involved here know what the hell we're doing. See, I don't think people understand what I can or can't do. They're not cognizant of my situation and what I know about myself. I always know what I'm doing."

Yet as intelligent as Knight is about most things, as searching as his mind is, he's also encumbered by a curious parochialism that too often brings him to grief. When all is said and done, his difficulties in Puerto Rico resulted mostly from his inability to concede that San Juan isn't just another Chicago, or that the Pan Am Games aren't another Mid-

east Regional—and it's their own fault that they're not. Knight's mind is too good to be wasted on a mere game—and he probably recognizes that—but he's personally not comfortable away from the precisely circumscribed environment in which college basketball is played. Therein lies the great conflict in him.

with bad language, but the fact is that he can talk for hours, if he chooses to, using much less profanity than the average Joe. He doesn't have a foul mouth; he simply deploys bad language when it can be a weapon.

Knight is forever putting people back on their heels, testing them, making them uncomfortable in some way. Stop them



Nancy, a great coach's wife," according to Bobby, sits 14 rows behind the bench with her lucky dog

Does anybody else in this universe of shifting sands still have the control of a coach? No wonder it's difficult for a person like Knight, who tends toward prepossession anyway, to be confused about the limits of his dominion. Puerto Rico, women, writers, shoe salesmen, NCAA bigwigs... all of them are just more Rubeicons to cross. He's in command; an awful lot of what you see is a good act. Says Harold Andreas, the high school coach who first hired Bobby as an assistant, "He can be as charming as anybody in the world or he can be the biggest horse's ass in the world. But he makes that decision, and he does it in a split second." Everyone identifies Knight

from scoring points, and they won't be prepared to stop you. Although it's fashionable to say Knight rules by intimidation, he actually rules more by derision. He abuses the people he comes into contact with, taking the license to treat them as he does his players.

"O.K., it's true sometimes I intimidate a kid," Knight says. "Usually when I first get him. That sets up the best conditions for teaching. But that's only true with basketball players, not with anyone else. I don't think I'm overbearing with people, but look, that's an awfully hard thing for a man to judge of himself."

Most find him guilty. But, here, you judge. Here's five minutes of *continued*



If Knight's Hoosiers pay attention in class and mow their lawns in games, they'll pass every test

typical Bobby Knight. This isn't extreme Bobby Knight. This isn't Puerto Rico Bobby Knight. This is just some everyday stuff, the way he keeps an edge, even over people he likes.

It's practice time, and two of Knight's acquaintances are sitting at the scorer's table. One is a black man, Joby Wright, who starred on Knight's first Hoosier team in 1971-72. Six years after his athletic eligibility ran out, Wright returned to Indiana to get his degree; now he's going for a master's in counseling and guidance. All along, Knight helped Wright and encouraged him with his academics, as he has many of his players. In Knight's nine years, only one Hoosier among those who have played out their eligibility has failed sooner or later to get a degree.

The other person at the table is a white woman, Maryalyn Jeremiah, the Indiana women's basketball coach. Now it's an accepted fact of life—disputed, perhaps, only by Nancy Knight, Bobby's wife—that Knight is a misogynist, but Jeremiah he at least abides. She's a coach, after all.

Knight advances on Wright, and says, "Hey, Joby. Do me a favor."

"Sure, Coach."

"I want you to get my car and go downtown." Wright nods, taken in.

Knight slams the trap. "And I want you to go to a pet shop and buy me a collar and a leash to put on that dog out there." And he points to one of his players, a kid Wright has been working with.

O.K., it's a harmless enough dig, and Wright laughs, easily. But Knight won't quit: "Because if you don't start to shape him up, I'll have to get some white guys working on him. You guys don't show any leadership, you don't show any incentive since you started getting too much welfare."

Wright smiles again, though uneasily. Now, understand, Knight isn't anti-black. Just anti-tact. That's the point. One of his former black stars once recalled a halftime against Michigan when Knight singled out two of his white regulars as gutless, and then went over as they cowered and slapped their cheeks, snarling, "Maybe this'll put some color in your faces." It isn't racial prejudice. Still, still. . . .

Knight walks down to the other end of the scorer's table. "Hey, Maryalyn."

Brightly: "Yes, Bobby?"

"You know what a dab is?"

"A what?"

"A dab—D-A-B."

"No, what's that?"

"It's a dumb-assed broad," he says, smirking.

"I don't know any of those," she replies—a pretty quick comeback.

But he won't leave it alone. The edge, again: "Yeah, you know one more than you think you do."

And he moves on. The white woman shrugs. It's just Bobby. The black man shrugs. It's just Bobby. But why is it just Bobby? Why does he do this to himself? He's smart enough to know that, in this instance, he isn't hurting his two friends nearly so much as he hurts himself, cumulatively, by casting this kind of bread upon the waters, day after day. Why? Why, Bobby, why?

What a setup he has. Forty years old, acknowledged to be at the top of his profession. Says the very coach who disparages Knight for being a bully. "Any coach



who says Bobby's not the best is just plain jealous." Knight has already won 317 games, and nobody, not even Adolph Rupp, achieved that by his age.

Someday Knight could even surpass Rupp's record 874 wins, a seemingly insurmountable total. Knight has won one NCAA championship, in 1976, and five Big Ten titles in nine seasons; he was twice national coach of the year; he's the only man ever to both play on and coach an NCAA champion. He's the coach at one of America's great basket-

ball schools, one that's also an academic institution of note. The state worships him; Hoosier politicians vie for his benediction. His contemporaries in coaching not only revere him for his professional gifts, but some of his esteemed predecessors—mythic men of basketball lore—see Knight as the very keeper of the game. The torch is in his hands.

He's also a clever man and delightful company when he chooses to be. Beyond all that he has an exemplary character, without any of the vices of the flesh that so often afflict men in his station and at his time of life. He's devoted to his family, Nancy and their two sons, Timothy, 16, and Patrick, 10. His supporters fall over themselves relating tales of his civic and charitable good works, a light that

but to succeed because "That's much harder," he says—all the world must be in the game. All the people are players, for or against, to be scouted, tested, broken down, built back up if they matter. Life isn't lived; it's played. And the rabbis are everywhere.

II: COACHES

Perhaps the most revealing statement that Knight makes about himself is this: "You know why Havlicek became such a great pro? Just because he wanted to beat Lucas, that's why." Yes, of course, Knight hasn't even mentioned himself, but that's the trick. Obviously, if only subconsciously, he's not really talking about John Havlicek superseding Lucas; he's talking about himself superseding Havlicek and Lucas both.

The best thing that ever happened to Knight was that after high school—he's still the greatest star ever to come out of Orrville, Ohio—he didn't amount to a hill of beans as a player. Knight the failed hero has not only served as the challenge for Knight the coach, but also Knight the disappointed hero is the model for the Everyplayer Knight coaches. That boy was limited, self-centered, frustrated, a pouter, then a butcher, ultimately a back-biter against his coach, Fred Taylor, who once called Knight "the Brat from Orrville."

The one thing Knight could do was shoot, a strange low-trajectory shot that was deadly against zones when he had the time to get it off. To this day, no Knight team has ever set up in a zone defense. It's like Groucho Marx, who once

said he didn't want to be part of any club that would have him as a member.

Although Knight only started two games in three years on the Buckeye varsity, he was a major figure on the team, something of a clubhouse lawyer and a practical joker (which he still is). Dragon and a roommate led the Buckeyes in hustling tickets, and he stunned his wide-eyed teammates with his brash high jinks. On a trip to New York he boldly swiped a couple of bottles of wine from Mamma Leone's restaurant, and not only pilfered a few ties from a midtown shop, but with the contraband under his coat, he went over to a cop who entered the store at that moment and started chatting him up.

There is little Knight's players can put over on him because he did just about all of it himself. Taylor wasn't the only coach Knight challenged, either. In his senior year at Orrville, he defied the school's new coach by refusing to leave a game for a substitute and was booted off the squad. Although subsequently reinstated, he found that season so unsatisfying that he gave up his baseball eligibility to barnstorm with an all-star basketball team in the spring. "I regret that more than anything I've ever done," he says, because he could hit a baseball and hit with power. Knight probably would've been better at baseball than he was at basketball.

Knight was also a pretty fair football end, and as he should've been a baseball player, so, by temperament, he would have made a better football coach. Wilkinson, Bryant, Hayes, *continued*



Knight had more wins at 40 than any other coach.

Knight humbly hides under a basket. In this era of athletic corruption Knight stands four-square for the values of higher education that so many coaches and boot-lickers in the NCAA only pay lip service to. His loyalty is as unquestioned as his integrity. He is the best and brightest... and the most honorable, too. He has it all, every bit of it. Just lying there on the table. He has only to lean down, pick it up and let the chip fall off. But he can't. For Knight to succeed at basketball—not only to win, you understand,

Precisely as the sign states, the buck stops at the desk of basketball's give-'em-hell coach.



Schembechler, Paterno and Royall are all friends and/or models of his, and he has a tape of Lombardi exhortations, plus a Lombardi poster hanging on his office wall. And, like football coaches, Knight devotes himself to studying film, back and forth, over and over, like some Buddhist monk with his prayer wheel.

In the daze of the tight arena, basketball coaches tend to be poppays, ruling by force of personality, glint of teeth, while football coaches are distant, solid sorts, administrators, with scores of lieutenants and troops. Being a basketball coach doesn't seem to prepare you for anything else in life, but even football coaches who can't win get bumped upstairs to assistant athletic director (a football coach who was becomes athletic director). "I've always thought there's a greater depth to football coaches," Knight says.

But that's subsidiary to the main point: Knight loves all coaches. He will ask people who know Rupp well to tell him about the old man. What made the Baron tick? Why did he do this? How? He has spent many hours listening to Sparky Anderson. He calls in the old basketball masters and studies at their feet. In his office, the only photographs (apart from those of his teams) are of Pete Newell and Clair Bee. Even as a boy, he would go off on scouting trips with coaches. Bill Shunkwiler, his football coach at Orrville, remembers that after school, when other kids were

hanging out, chasing, Bobby would come by Shunkwiler's house and the two of them would sit and have milk and cookies and talk coach talk. Knight still keeps in touch with many of his old coaches, still calls them "Mister," and there is, in Coach Knight, almost a tribal sense of heritage and tradition.

"I just love the game of basketball so," he says. "The game? I don't need the 18,000 people screaming and all the peripheral things. To me, what's most enjoyable is the practice and preparation."

The ultimate contradiction is that Bobby Knight, of all people, profane as he is, seeks after purity. What troubles him is that the game must be maddened by outlanders and apostates—the press, for example. In fact, Knight has studied the subject, and he understands the press better than some writers who cover him understand basketball. He even numbers several writers as friends, and sometimes he will actually offer a grudging admiration beyond his famous institutional assessment: "All of us learn to write by the second grade, then most of us go on to other things." But his truest feelings were probably revealed one day recently when he blurted out, "How do they know what it's like if they've never played? How? How? Tell me. How can they know?"

At the base of everything, this is it: if you're not part of basketball, you can't really belong, you can only distort. He has taken over the microphone at As-

sembly Hall, the Hoosiers' arena, and told his own fans to back off, be good sports, even to stop using dirty words. Imagine, Knight telling people to improve their language. "It showed no bleeping class," he snarled afterward.

He just always wanted to be Coach Knight, officially expressing this desire in an autobiography he wrote when he was a junior in high school. It was entitled *It's Been A Great Life (So Far)*. Nancy Knight remembers nothing otherwise: "All Bobby ever wanted was to be a coach, in the Big Ten." Even now, when Knight deliberates on the rest of his life, he doesn't go much beyond his one love. "I hope," he says, "that when I retire I'll have enough assistants in head jobs so I can live anywhere I want and still have a place nearby where I can go over and help out and watch some films." As much as there is such a thing, he's a natural-born coach.

III: OLDER PEOPLE

Knight's father—his square name was Carroll, but everyone called him Pat—was a railroad man from Oklahoma, who came to Orrville because it was a railroad town, a division point. The main Pensley line passed through, and the city slickers from Cleveland and Akron had to journey down on a spur to little Orrville to catch the Broadway Limited. So, despite having only about 5,000 folks when Bobby was growing up, Orrville was not quite as closed and homogeneous as you would expect of a Midwest coloring-book place, set in a dell, with a water tower.

Knight was born there, one of the last of the Depression Babies, on Oct. 25, 1940, a couple of weeks before FDR won his third term over Wendell Willkie and the objections of the Orrville electorate. He was reared in the '50s. Actually, the '50s were not much different in attitudes and values from the two decades that preceded them, but what sets the '50s apart is that they came right before the upheaval of the '60s. But just as the '60s flowered, Knight went off to coach at West Point, where his '50s just kept on going, even becoming sort of a badge of separation.

The '50s are too often disparaged for being simple, everyone in lockstep. But more accurately, what the '50s offered, in spades, was definition. In analyzing pre-'60s coaches like the un- continued

Like his dad, Knight pores over the paper every day. Unlike his dad, he doesn't believe all he reads.



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BOBBY KNIGHT

continued

repentant Knight, observers tend to confuse definition with discipline. Knight most of all wants to know where people stand—and that they do stand for something. Here's an example of how rigidly lines were drawn when Knight was growing up.

Shunkwiler takes out a copy of the 1958 MemORRies, the high school yearbook when Knight was a senior, and peruses the photographs of the boys, skipping the ones with pompadours, stopping on the ones who, like Bobby, wore crew cuts: "Athlete... athlete... athlete..." he says. He comes to yet another boy with short hair. "Not an athlete." And hastily, "But a good kid." It was that easy then. More than one-third of the 200 or so boys were involved in athletics. Many of these were also involved in girls, too, but only in their place. If a coach so much as saw one of his players holding hands, he would bark out: "Hey, no skin-to-skin!"

The coach, you see, was a giant of a man in this well-defined culture. Shunkwiler recalls that if a coach was notified by a teacher that one of his players was causing a problem, the coach would take the boy aside and, presto, "That would be the end of the trouble." Jack Graham, another of Knight's Orrville basketball coaches, once kicked Bobby out of practice. Knight didn't head to the locker room, though; he waited patiently in the hallway so he could see Coach as soon as practice ended. "Bobby understood," Graham says. "I told him, 'There's only one man who can be the boss out there, and, Bobby, that's the coach.'"

Early this season Knight purposely overreacted one day so that he could boot his star, sophomore Guard Isaiah Thomas, out of practice. He needed to show the kid, and the whole team, that there can be no exceptions. Some things don't change. Coach Knight can throw his star out at Indiana University as sure as Coach Graham could at Orrville High. On the team, on the court, time is frozen; it's been a great life (so far).

What Knight didn't learn from his coaches came by example from his father, though theirs was an unusual relationship. The father and son weren't buddies, which has led some people to conclude that Knight's deep affection for older coaches is a manifestation of a perpetual search for a father figure.

To some extent this analysis may be true, but the relationships in the Knight household were more complex than that analysis suggests.

Bobby was born six years into a marriage that had come late in life. Though he was an only child, he had a companion at home—his maternal grandmother, Sarah Henthorne. "A classy lady—the love of Bobby's life," says Pauline Boop, who was Knight's childhood next-door neighbor and remains his friend. No wonder he gets along so well with older people; he grew up in a house full of them.

Both of Knight's parents worked—Pat on the railroad, Hazel as an elementary school teacher—and although they were loving, they weren't enthusiastic about the thing their only son loved the most, basketball. But at least Knight always had an ally in his grandmother. She was the one who followed his basketball closely. No matter what the hour, when Bobby came home he would go and kiss her good night. "I think he was closer to his grandmother than he ever was to me or his father," says the widowed Hazel Knight, who still lives in the house on North Vine Street, across the field from the high school where Bobby starred for the Orrville Red Riders.

Knight came home for spring vacation of his sophomore year at Ohio State, right after the Buckeyes had won the national championship. One day he returned to the house in the afternoon, and his grandmother was sitting there in her favorite chair. She had gone shopping in the morning and was tired. It took a while before Bobby realized that she wasn't napping, that she was dead. He remembers it very well: "She was just sitting there. Her legs were crossed at the ankles." Knight's grandmother had been sick all winter, and there are those in Orrville who say she willed herself to stay alive until the season was over and her beloved Bobby could come home from his basketball to see her. It was during the next two seasons he had all the trouble with Fred Taylor.

Knight's father died a decade later, when Bobby was 29. In those 29 years, Pat Knight owned only three automobiles. Most places, he walked. He rarely tipped; "Nobody tips me," he would say. The only thing he ever bought on time was the house on North Vine Street. And

he hated to do that. He took out a 20-year mortgage and paid it off in 4½ years. He gave up golf and many other pleasures until he could square accounts. Now, you see, now we are talking about discipline. "My father was the most disciplined man I ever saw," Bobby Knight says. "Most people, they hear the word discipline, and right away they think about a whip and a chair. I've worked up my own definition. And this took a long time. Discipline: doing what you have to do, and doing it as well as you possibly can, and doing it that way all the time."

Pat Knight was very hard-of-hearing, which limited his communications with his son. He would turn off his hearing aid every night and read the evening paper, front to back. "And he believed every word he read," Knight says emphatically, explaining why he becomes so distraught when the press fails to meet his expectations. Pat also introduced his son to hunting and fishing, and to this day that's Bobby's escape. There are no outsiders to louse it up; it's as pure, God willing, as basketball should be.

"People are always surprised when they hear about my fishing," he says. "Everybody thinks I'm going to get so wound up I'm going to have to leave in five minutes. But I don't carry over that stuff you see on the court. There's nothing I enjoy more than winding down some river, floating along, watching for deer, counting the squirrels." A warm smile, a pause, and then: "And nobody knows what you've done that day except you and the guys involved."

IV: WOMEN

This particular day, he had been away, hunting down in southern Indiana with some of the guys. Nancy had a meeting to attend in the evening, but she passed it up, because Bobby was late getting back. She cooked a huge, scrumptious dinner, but apparently that's standard fare at the Knights'.

Whatever other ambiguities Knight has to deal with in these cloudy times, Nancy isn't one of them. "She's just a great coach's wife," he says. She knows her man, too, knows not to intrude on the game. When Indiana won the NCAA in Philadelphia in 1976, Knight and some old friends from basketball and Orrville went out to dinner afterward—the victory celebration, the culmination of his



Knight gets his fire from the South Side Cafe's chef, served by Maureen Trouer and Jeanne Smith

career. Neither Nancy nor any other woman was included.

Says Steve Green, one of Knight's better players, who graduated in 1975, "He feels women are just an obstacle that must be overcome. Players' girl friends didn't really exist for him. Just didn't exist. If he heard me talking to someone about my wedding, he'd be yelling, 'Don't do it! Don't do it!'"

It is instructive that Knight's language seldom goes beyond the anal stage. In the course of a day, he describes an incredible number of things being done to the derriere: it's burned, chewed out, kicked, frosted, Nistered, chipped at, etc. Plus, almost every time he loses his temper, there is invariably a literal bottom line, involving the suggestion that the posterior be used as a depot—for money, a whistle, the Time and Life Building, what have you. But, when addressing the fairer sex, Knight has a reputation for purposely expanding his anatomical vocabulary to include graphic references to the male genitalia. This curious proclivity has offended people of both sexes and, perhaps more than anything, has tarnished his personal reputation.

One of Knight's heroes is Harry S Truman, which is why Give-'em-hell Harry is conspicuously honored by brick-a-brac in Knight's office. But this graphic assessment of another President, Lyndon Johnson, by columnist William S. White, is eerily applicable to Knight: "His shortcomings were not the polite, pleasant little shortcomings, but the big ones—high temper, of course, too driving a person-

ality, both of others and himself, too much of a perfectionist by far... Curiously enough I think one of the reasons he didn't go down better... was that his faults were highly masculine faults and that our society is becoming increasingly less masculine; that there's a certain femininity about our society that he didn't fit into."

On the subject of Bobby and women, Nancy Knight demurs: "I certainly couldn't have been married more than 17 years to a man who hates women. But I can understand how Bobby feels about some of them. I believe a woman should try and stay in the home. I've never been anything but very happy and satisfied to spend my life raising a family."

Nancy is, really, the only woman who ever came from the outside into Knight's life. She isn't pretentious, and their sprawling house, hidden in the woods just outside of Bloomington, is warm and comfortable. But those who would deal gently in harsh housewife stereotypes must be careful. Everyone who knows the Knights well has the same one secret: Nancy influences Bobby more than you ever would guess.

Like many coaches, she often speaks for her husband in the first person plural—"We got the job at West Point"—but in neither a proprietary nor insecure way. He has the court, she has the home. It's defined.

Nancy acknowledges that Bobby's disputes with the press may well be exacerbated by her overreaction to criticism of him. "I read about this ogre," she says,

"and he's the gentlest, kindest person to his family. He does so much good everywhere. I just can't stand to see the man I love being torn apart."

It would also seem that Bobby is equally protective of Nancy. His seemingly exaggerated responses in two major controversies may be traced in part to the fact that Nancy was involved peripherally in each. His protracted altercation with this magazine centers on disputes he has had with Senior Writer Curry Kirkpatrick, who did a piece on the Hoosiers in 1975. But Nancy was also personally wounded by a throwaway line of Kirkpatrick's, just as she had been by a passing reference another SI writer, Barry McDermott, made in an earlier article. In trying to humorously mock Knight's martinism, McDermott suggested that the Hoosier players had gone over to the coach's house for a holiday meal of bread and water. Nancy, who prides herself on being a gracious hostess and accomplished cook, took the crack literally. "I cried and cried," she says.

Then there were the 1979 Pan Am Games. Puerto Rico was, in many respects, an accident waiting to happen. Those who know Knight best say the episode traumatized him, and while he's a chatterbox, he talks compulsively on this subject. And he still won't give an inch. "There is no way I was going down there and turn the other cheek," he says. "If there was trouble, I was ready to give it right back to them. The first day we were down there, they burned some American flags. There was tremendous resentment toward the United States, tremendous hostility. Listen, America means a lot to me. If the guy..."

What guy?

"The Guy. If The Guy says tomorrow, hey, this country is in trouble and it needs you in this position or that one, then I give up coaching tomorrow and go."

So, even before the officious San Juan policeman threatened him—cursing him, poking at him—Knight was simmering. Then he became concerned for the safety of Nancy and his two sons. "It was terrifying," she says. "We had to change apartments. I couldn't sit in my seat at the games. I had to stay at the press table. I feared for my life and my children's."

However Knight behaved continued



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in Puerto Rico—"You have no respect for anybody. You treat us like din. You are an embarrassment to America, our country. You are an Ugly American," a Puerto Rican sports official snapped at him after the Pan Am basketball final—it must be understood that Knight perceived, correctly or not, that the three things he values most in his life were being menaced—his family, his country and his team.

V: PLAYERS

Late in his senior year at Ohio State, Knight considered a job at a high school in Celina, Ohio as the coach of basketball and an assistant in football. He liked the place, but walking back across the school's gridiron, he kicked at the turf and shook his head. "I thought, if I'm going to be a basketball coach, I can't be diverted," he says. "I wanted vertical concentration. That's still the essence of my coaching." So he took a lesser job as a basketball assistant, without any football responsibility, in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. In his first game as head coach of the 10th-graders, he broke a clipboard.

Intensity?

A year later, with Taylor's help, the Brat from Orrville got the assistant's post at West Point under Tate Locke, enlisting in the Army to qualify for the job. When Locke left in 1965, the brass stunned everybody by giving Pfc. Knight the job. "I've never had any apologies for being a head coach at 24," he says. "I was making \$99 a month then. I have no sympathy for people who don't make progress because they won't accept the pay somewhere."

Money has never motivated Knight. He has turned down raises, preferring that the money go to his assistants, and he professes not even to know what his salary is—except that, relative to what other teachers at Indiana make, it's too much. This is not to say, of course, that Knight wears a hair shirt. He has a television show, a summer basketball camp, the free use of a car, and, he volunteers, Checkers-like, "I did take a fishing rod once." Also, it's an absolute point of pride with him that he must be paid as much as the Hoosier football coach, Lee Corso. But just as pointedly he has advised alumni and the commercial camp-followers who grubstake coaches on the side to take a wide berth. Recently, however, Knight decided he was a fool to

look a gift horse in the mouth, so he solicited bids from shoe companies that were willing to pay him in the hope that his players would wear their sneakers. Adidas won, but instead of sticking this "pimp money," as he calls it, in his own pocket, Knight is turning it over to the university.

This isn't going to endear Knight to the coach who's looking to put a new Florida room on the house, just as a lot of Knight's colleagues weren't thrilled two years ago when he kicked three players off his team for abuses of training rules (drugs, obviously), and then trumpeted that he was the only coach extant with the "guts" to live up to his principles. But his honor even exceeds his smugness. "He just doesn't cheat," says Newell. "Never. Bobby doesn't even rationalize. Instead, what he does do is the single most important thing in coaching: he turns out educated kids who are ready for society."

Now Knight is on an even broader crusade, trying to impose on others, by legislation, his devotion to academics. He would like the NCAA to pass a regulation that would deny a college some of its allotment of athletic scholarships if its players don't graduate within a year after their eligibility ends. That is, if a coach has five so-called student-athletes finishing up on the team in 1981 and only two graduate by 1982, then the coach can only replace the five with two new recruits. "With this, you're making the faculty a police department for the NCAA," Knight says. "Even if you can get a few professors to pimp for a coach, you can't buy a whole damn faculty." He laughs, devilishly. "And how can a coach vote against this plan? How can anyone vote publicly against education?"

Nothing pleases Knight as much as the success his players have had off the court. Indeed, he uses their accomplishments to justify the controversial "way we operate," saying, "Look, if all our players were losing jobs, I'd have to reassess my way. And if I heard some of my old players blistering my ass for the way I run things, I'd have to reassess. But, you see, despite all the crap you read, the only ones who've ever complained are the kids who didn't play, got frustrated and quit."

But, dit for tat, it may also be true that Knight's players have a high success rate because only success-oriented types would select Indiana basketball in the

first place. In other words, the twigs only grow as they were bent a long time ago.

Knight's honesty extends to his recruiting. When a recruit is brought to Bloomington, he's introduced to the whole squad, and not merely sequestered with a happy star, a Mr. Personality and a pretty cheerleader. Parents of recruits are encouraged to talk with parents of present squad members. Knight doesn't have a missionary instinct. He isn't, he says, "an animal trainer. Recruit jackasses, they play like jackasses." Instead: "We've drawn up a personality profile, and you might even say it's a narrow-minded thing."

So, black or white, rich or poor, the neatly groomed Indiana players tend to be well-intentioned young things, upwardly mobile, serious about education and so well adjusted that they can endure Coach Knight's wrath in fair exchange for the bounty of his professional genius. Calculated coach, calculated players.

The hand-picked Hoosiers are expected to speak to the press, even in defeat, the better to mature and cope. They dress in coats and ties on game days, and during the season must wear trim haircuts, without beards or mustaches.

Significantly, things have gone awry only since the national championship season, soon after which a number of players quit, some castigating Knight, and two seasons after that when the coach bounced the three players for disciplinary reasons. "All of a sudden I won, and I thought I could be a social worker, too," he says. "I thought I could take a guy off death row at Sing Sing and turn him into a basketball player." Never again. The prime result of that convulsion has been an even more careful weeding-out process. A single blackball from a team member can eliminate a prospect from consideration, and as a consequence, a sort of natural selection of the species has occurred. The system has become so inbred that, as contradictory as this sounds, rough-tough Knight's team now includes a bunch of nice Nellys. The Hoosier basketball coaches all worried about this even before this rather disappointing season—Indiana was 10-6 at the end of last week—confirmed their fears. Knight himself, like a grizzled old soldier, waxes nostalgic about the single-minded roughnecks who chopped their

way to victory for him at the Point.

Had Knight never won a game at Indiana, he would have secured a lasting reputation for his work at Army, where he succeeded with little talent and no height. At Indiana, as well, the mark of Knight as coach goes far beyond his mere W-L totals. When he arrived in Bloomington, the entire Big Ten played run-and-gun, in the image of Indiana, the conference's traditional lodestar: race-horse ball, the Hurryin' Hoosiers. It wasn't just a catchy sports nickname. It was a real statement. The Hurryin' Hoosiers. The Bronx Bombers. The Monsters of the Midway. There aren't many of them. But no matter how much the old alumni whined at the loss of tradition and hittin' a hundred, Knight went his own way. From Knight's arrival through last week, Indiana has gone 215-65, but, more significantly, the average Big Ten score has declined from 74.0 to 67.5 in that span.

His strategic axioms are firm—no zones, disciplined offense—but he exercises latitude year by year, permitting himself to be dictated to by his material and the state of the art. He has such consummate confidence in his ability as a coach that he suffers no insecurity about crediting the sources of his handiwork. It all came from other coaches, didn't it? His defense is based on the old Ohio State pressure game, which Taylor had borrowed from Newell. His offense is an amalgam of the freelancing style used at Princeton in the early '60s, by Butch van Breda Kolf ("The best college coach I ever saw"), intertwined with the passing game that the venerable Hank Iba employed at Oklahoma State.

This season Knight was willing to modify some of his most cherished tenets to permit Isiah Thomas more artistic freedom. But, ultimately, those who would survive at Indiana, much less succeed, must subjugate themselves to the one man and his one way. Incredibly, 10 of Knight's former assistants are head coaches at major colleges, but those who coach under him are strictly that: underlings. Among other things, they aren't allowed to utter so much as a word of profanity before the players. Only Bobby.

He prowls the practice court, slothful, belly out, usually with a sour, disbelieving expression upon his visage. He is dressed in Indiana red and white, but of a different mix-and- continued

BOBBY KNIGHT

continued

match from his assistants. Except for a few instructions barked out by these subordinates, the place is silent as a tomb. Only the most privileged visitors are permitted to watch this class.

The chosen few watch on two levels of consciousness: what they see before them, and what they anticipate Coach Knight might do next. If he really contrives to make a point, he will perhaps merely rage, or pick up a chair and slam it against the wall, or dismiss a hopeless athlete. It's like technical fouls—you don't ever get them, you take them. And, like every good coach, Knight knows how to deal with the unexpected. One day a few years ago Knight kicked a ball in anger. He caught it perfectly on his instep and the ball soared toward the very heavens, straight up. More miraculously, when it plummeted back to earth, it fell into a wastebasket, lodging there. It was a million-to-one shot, something from a *Road Runner* cartoon. But nobody dared change his expression. Finally, Knight began to grin, then to laugh, and only at that point did everyone else break up.

"I've always said, all along, that if I ever get to a point where I can't control myself, I'll quit," Knight says stoutly, though unsmiling, perhaps, that he can drive things out of control even as he skirts the edge himself.

VI: MORE RABBITS

John Havlicek once said, "Bobby was quite a split personality. There were times when we were good friends and, then, like that, times when he wouldn't even talk to me." Knight says, "My manners set me apart in a little cocoon, and that's something that's very beneficial to me." Maybe, but too many people humor Knight instead of responding to him, and that may be the single real deprivation of his life.

The one group of people who can still treat him honestly are the older coaches, Dutch uncles, who have earned his respect. A few years ago he took on as an assistant Harold Andrews, the man who had first hired him as an assistant at Cuyahoga Falls. What a wonderful gesture! Andrews retired from coaching in 1977, and so, in Andrews' place as the father/grandmother figure, Knight hired Roy Bates, who used to coach one of Orrville High's rivals. Bates, who recently took a leave of absence because of poor health, is a no-nonsense fellow with a crippled

left arm, whose teams were 441-82 in basketball and 476-52 in baseball. Bates adored Knight, and though Knight had three younger assistants, it was the older man he was closest to, literally and otherwise. Bates always sat next to him on the bench.

Still Bates had to be tested, like everyone else. He has had a radio show in Ohio since 1949, and one time a while ago, when he was staying at the Knights', he asked Bobby to do a five-minute tape with him. Bobby said sure, but then he put Bates off and put him off. Finally, one day Bates said, "You know, Bobby, I've had that radio show for 30 years without you on it." And with that, he put on his coat and headed for the car. By the time Bates had started up the driveway, Knight was out there, waving for him to come back, and as soon as Bates arrived back at his home in Ohio, Bobby was on the phone to him. Knight was still in control of himself. But not of events.

"Bobby has got so much," Bates says. "And nobody can ever get him. He doesn't cheat. He doesn't drink. He doesn't even chase women. But for some reason he thinks he has been a bad boy, and no matter how successful he becomes, he thinks he must be punished."

This may be the best clue of all. Certainly, Knight accepts success defensively, if not suspiciously. His office celebrates underdogs like Truman and Lombardi, who weren't expected to triumph but, given the chance, thrived on their own sweet terms. And Patton is in evidence, as you might expect. A meandering quote of his hangs on the wall, keynoting a display—an anthology—of paranoid sentiments.

Patton warns ominously that if you strive for a goal, "your loyal friends [will do] their hypocritical Goddamnedest to trip you, blacken you and break your spirit." A flanking prayer advises, "If man thwart you pay no heed/If man hate you have no care..." And an essay entitled "The Penalty of Leadership" warns, "The reward is widespread recognition, the punishment fierce denial and detraction."

Is it really that lonely at the top?

Knight also passes out copies of *If* to visitors.

And yet, as wary as he is of the hypocritical rabbits all around him, Knight

is, in many respects, even more unsparring of himself. The game, we hear so often, has passed so-and-so by. With Knight, it may be the reverse; he may have passed it by. But he loves it so, and therefore he must concoct hurdles so that he can still be challenged by it. He even talks a lot about how nobody is really capable of playing the game well. Ultimately, it may be the final irony that the players themselves must become interlopers, separating him from the game.

Already he has gone so far that at age 40 winning is no longer the goal. "Look, I know this," he says. "If you're going to play the game, you're going to get more out of it winning. I know that, sure. Now, at West Point I made up my mind to win—gotta win. Not at all costs. Never that. But winning was the hub of everything I was doing. And understand, I've never gotten over West Point. Winning had to be more important there, and I had a point to prove. I was just coming off a playing career during which I didn't do as well as I'd hoped. I had to win. And so, to some extent, I won't ever change."

"But somewhere I decided I was wrong. You could win and still not succeed, not achieve what you should. And you can lose without really failing at all. But it's harder to coach this way, with this, uh, approach. I'm sure I'd be easier on myself and on other people if just winning were my ultimate objective." He pauses; he is in his study at home, amid his books, away from all the basketball regalia. "I never said much about this before."

It was a good secret. Now, Bobby Knight is one step closer to utter control of his game. Now all those dim-witted rabbits cannot touch him. They'll be looking at the scoreboard and the AP poll, judging him by those, but they won't have a clue, not the foggiest. Nobody holds a mortgage on him. Now, you see, now we are talking about definition.

Nancy says: "People keep asking me if Bobby is mellowing. We're not mellowing. What we are, we're growing up with the game. You've got to remember that not many people get a chance to start coaching in their 20s. We're not mellowing. Growing up is still more of the word for us."

There is still so much time for the Knights to take what is theirs and enjoy it. It can be a great life (someday). **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 12-18

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—Milwaukee, 75-11 at week's end, retained atop the Central Division with four wins and no losses. The Bucks defeated Phoenix 123-108. Marques Johnson scored 28 points. Detroit 119-96 with Johnson getting 34 more. Philadelphia 113-110 to top the 76ers' on-game winning streak and Kansas City 113-112 in overtime. Indiana, seven games back of M4, makes its seventh win in a row, over Detroit 101-99, as George McQueen had two field goals in the final minute of play. The Pacers then fell to Seattle 91-84. After its loss to Milwaukee at which Truck Robinson got his 3,000th NBA rebound, Phoenix (36-11), the Pacific Division leader, beat Seattle 104-96. Detroit 128-102 and Boston 92-89. Los Angeles, 66 games down in the Sun, also was 3-1. The Lakers defeated Detroit 117-101 behind Jussiel White's 33 points and Cleveland 108-104. Koram Abdul-Jabbar scored 29 and Norm Nixon got 15 of his 25 points in a span of 49 minutes of that victory. Los Angeles then lost 114-104 at Washington before defeating New Jersey 111-111 on Wiley's 20-foot jumper as the buzzer. That loss was the Nets' 14th in a row—the last three of which came by a total of nine points. New Jersey finally won, 116-107 over Detroit, as Mike Newlin scored 11 points in handling the Pistons their eighth consecutive defeat. San Antonio (32-17), No. 1 in the Midwest Division, defeated Washington 127-106. George Gervin scored 33, and New York 106-103. The Spurs then lost to Boston 94-85 and at Washington 103-91. Evan Hayes got 27 points and grabbed 15 rebounds in his 31-137 comeback victory at Golden State. Adrian Dantley of the Jazz hit three free throws and a 20-foot jumper in the final 16 seconds. His 58 points for the week brought his league-leading scoring average up to 31.8 points a game. In the Atlantic Division, Boston (37-9) kept within two games of Philadelphia (40-8). The Celtics won 93-89 at New York, beat Cleveland 126-113 on 33 points, 14 rebounds and seven blocked shots by Robert Parish and defeated San Antonio 94-85 for their seventh win in a row.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH defeated Earl Anthony 251-220 to win a \$15,000 PBA tournament in Las Vegas.

BOXING—MARVIN HAGLER successfully defended his world middleweight title with a TKO of Fulgencio Obeldias in the eighth round in Boston (page 56).

GOLF—BRUCE LITZKE shot a 55-under-par 335 to win the \$204,500 Bob Hope Desert Classic by two strokes over Jerry Pate (page 48).

HOCKEY—With the help of record-breaking scoring by Mike Bossy, the Islanders (26-10-8), who led the league at week's end with 64 goals, won three and lost none. Bossy scored once in a 4-2 victory at Philadelphia, four goals in a 6-3 triumph over Pittsburgh and three in a 4-0 defeat of Washington. That brought his season total to 46 goals in 47 games and placed the mark of 50 goals in 50 games within reach. The two half-ice goals came right after the season, the most ever. The only other 5-0 win belonged to Chicago, which moved from 13th to 11th place with a run of one-point victories. The Black Hawks defeated Calgary 2-1 on rookie Devin Sarno's second-period goal. Boston 3-2 to stop the Bruins' five-game unbeaten streak, and Hartford 3-2 to Left Wing Al Secord got the game-winner with 3:34 remaining. St. Louis, in second place with 63 points, defeated Hartford 3-2 for its 18th game without a loss, but then fell to Pittsburgh 6-3 in the Penguins' Rick Khebe had his third hat trick of the season. The Blues ended the week with a 7-6 triumph over Edmonton as which Center Perry Yonessi scored two goals and had one assist. After a 4-4 draw with Buffalo, third-place Los Angeles (60 points) defeated Hartford 5-4 on Marcel Dionne's goal with 4:32 to play. The Kings then lost to Washington 3-0, as the Capitals' rookie center, Dave Pirrie, scored 26 shots, including 12 by Dionne, en route to his first NHL chance. Los Angeles ended its week with a 4-2 loss to Pittsburgh as Khebe scored the game-winner with 23 seconds left. Montreal, tied with Philadelphia for fourth place with 57 points, defeated Edmonton 3-0, with goalie Richard Savary getting his first NHL shutout, and Winnipeg 3-3 in Center Pierre Larocque had a hat trick. That was the Canadiens' 11th game without a defeat, but the streak was ended with a 4-3 loss at Toronto in Maple Leaf Park. Hockey scored three times. Philadelphia, meanwhile, suffered three straight defeats. After a 4-2 loss to the Islanders, the Flyers fell to Quebec 4-1—the Nordiques' first victory in 11 games and first ever over Philadelphia—and at Boston 6-4. Sixth-place Vancouver (54 points) was in a six-game unbeaten streak. The Canucks and Colorado 3-3 at Left Wing Brent Ashton scored twice, and then beat Detroit 3-1 as goalie Gary Bowerly stopped 22 shots, and the Red Wings 5-2. Buffalo skated to three ties—4-4 with Los Angeles, 1-1 with Minnesota and 3-3 with Edmonton—so far as streak of ties to four and its total to 15.

HORSE RACING—DOONESBURY (8th Rd.) ridden by Sandy Hawley, defeated RAISE A MAN by 1 1/4 lengths to win the \$114,300 San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:47.

MARATHON—BENJI BURENIN of Stone Mountain, Ga. won the George Bowl Marathon in Miami on 2:31:11, 49 seconds better than runner-up Clifford Dahl of Norway. Carol Gould of Ipswich, England placed first among the women at 2:40:39. 75 runners ahead of Jan Yellen of Birmingham, Pa.

TENNIS—ROBIN BORG defeated Ivan Lendl 6-4, 6-3, 6-7 to win the \$450,000 Grand Prix Masters tournament in New York City (page 12).

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Andrea Jaeger 6-2, 6-2 to win the \$170,000 Colgate Series Championships in Landover, Md.

ANDREA JAEGER defeated Martina Navratilova 3-6, 6-3, 7-5 to win a \$150,000 tournament in Kansas City, Mo.

MILFOOTS—ACQUIRED by the New York Rangers, Forward NICK FOULKE, 28, from the Hartford Whalers for future considerations.

ELECTED to the Baseball Hall of Fame, BOB GIBSON, 43, who had a 331-174 record, a 2.91 ERA and 3,117 strikeouts in his 17 seasons as a pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals. In 1964 he was the National League MVP and won the first of his two Cy Young Awards with a 22-9 record and a 1.12 ERA. His record in the World Series was 7-2.

FINED by the NHL, three members of the Boston Bruins and Colorado Rockies, \$5,900 for three incidents that took place during this game in Denver on Jan. 7.

HIRED to succeed Jack Prater as head coach of the Washington Redskins, JOE GIBBS, 40, who has been a general coordinator of the San Diego Chargers for the past two seasons.

NAMED as manager of the San Francisco Giants, FRANK ROBINSON, 45, who managed Cleveland to a 1961-1962 record in 1973, '76 and part of the '77 season. He has been a coach with the Baltimore Orioles for the last two years.

CREDITS

26—John Jacobs 20—Mickey Pledge 20—John Lantz 10—Pete Pate 10—Mickey Pledge 10—Mickey Pledge 10—Paul Kautsky 10—Mickey Pledge 10—Anthony Needles 10—Manny Mullen 20—Richard MacLean 10—Paul Kautsky 10—Pete Pate 10—Mickey Pledge 10—Manny Mullen 10—Richard MacLean 10—Tom Alexander 10—Jerry Watkins 10—Richard MacLean 10—Andy Hayt 10—AP 10—Dick Pagnall

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHRIS NICHOLS
MARION, IND.

Chris, a 5'11" senior forward at Marion Bennett High, scored 41 points to lead his team to a 51-29 victory against Franklin. In 365 varsity seasons he's averaged 24.9 points and 12.6 rebounds a game and has scored 1,689 points.



CHICK HOBROW
BOSTON, ILL.

Moscow, a 77-year-old retired mail-order merchandiser who runs 60 miles a week, has finished 14 marathons, including those in Boston and New York. In the past 40 years, he has personally walked 41,078, set in Los Angeles on July 4.



HEATHER STRANG
EAST LANSING, MICH.

Heather, 15, a freshman swimmer at East Lansing High, won state 50- and 100-yard freestyle titles at the Michigan Class A high school meet. Her best times of 23.44 and 50.30 were the second best ever in the high school competition.



TODD OGDON
FORT ARDRE, TEXAS

BRENT DUNN
FORT ARDRE, TEXAS

Todd and Brent, both seniors, broke virtually all the Texas high school passing and receiving records, many of which were set by the NFL's Tom Brady and John Jefferson, in leading Thomas Jefferson High to a 14-1 record and a berth in the Class 5A title game. Todd, selected as the top U.S. high school quarterback by the National High School Coaches Association, completed 221 of 357 passes for 3,137 yards and 30 touchdowns. Brent caught 89 of those throws for 1,380 yards and 16 TDs.



MATT RIVERA
LAKELAND

Matt, a 9-year-old forward, had 71 goals and 15 assists in leading The Sting to a 19-0 record and first place in the under-10 Saginaw Soccer League. The Sting had 15 shutouts and allowed only five goals all season, while scoring 205.

CALL THEM NO. 1

Sir:

Had I not attended the Sugar Bowl game, your article *The Bull Boonies Georgia's Way* (Jan. 12) would lead me to believe that the University of Georgia was playing a game of chance in Las Vegas rather than a football game for the national championship in New Orleans. Everybody's talk of Georgia's being lucky—not good—reminds me of what golfer Hubie Green reportedly had to say about luck: "The harder I practice, the luckier I seem to get."

You can call the Dogs lucky and you can call them slow, but until September you can also call them No. 1.

MIKE CUMMINGS
Dublin, Ga.

Sir:

In the spirit of fair play, there are a couple more quotes from Notre Dame participants in the Sugar Bowl, other than those used in your story, which should be aired:

Split End Tony Hunter stated, "A lot of people have said they [the Georgia Bulldogs] are lucky, but after playing them, I believe they force their breaks and find a way to win. That's what it's all about."

All-America Defensive End Scott Zemek said, "No, I don't think we beat Georgia. It wasn't bad officiating or bad breaks. The game ended and they won."

And Coach Don Devine put it this way. "Statistics are for losers. . . . They [the Bulldogs] are by far the best team—I emphasize the word 'team'—we've played this year."

With all due respect to Douglas S. Looney, this is also what was said in New Orleans and is what we at Georgia will continue to believe.

PERRY MCINTYRE JR.
Managing Editor
The Georgia Bulldog
Athens, Ga.

Sir:

If the thought of the Georgia Bulldogs backing into the national championship this year doesn't prompt the NCAA to devise a playoff system, then the case is hopeless. Would Georgia have even been able to reach the finals of a playoff system?

MICHAEL MCGLAUGHLIN
Lafayette, Pa.

Sir:

Douglas S. Looney described Georgia's football team exactly: lucky! Of the eight teams that played on New Year's Day, the Bulldogs were by far the most inept. However, Herschel Walker was an absolute battering ram. He's terrific!

While I'm on the subject, what happened to the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl and the Rose Bowl? You let all of your readers down by confining them to *FOR THE RECORD* (Jan. 12). I, for one, feel you owe Baylor, Washington, Oklahoma, Florida State, Alabama and Michigan an apology.

TERRY P. VANDERBERG
Kalamazoo, Mich.

WINFIELD'S MILLIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

One thing that was overlooked in the articles concerning Dave Winfield's sudden success (*The Winfield Bonanza*, Jan. 5) is the state of professional baseball in San Diego. For the fan here the proverbial bubble has burst. Not only have the Padres lost Winfield, the franchise's best player, but also Bolland Smith and his cohorts have traded away the popular Cy Young Award winner Randy Jones, Reliever Rollie Fingers and one of the team's best pitchers in 1980, Bob Shirley.

As a former Padre season-ticket holder, I say hooray for the Yankees. They got a polished gem in Winfield. Go get 'em, Dave. I'll never boo you.

WILLIAM G. HILL
San Diego

Sir:

I have read about what a great guy Dave Winfield is. Sure, he helps underprivileged kids, and I feel that more ballplayers should become more like him in that respect. However, I'll bet that if you asked Mark Wagar, Luke Witte or any of the other members of the 1971-72 Ohio State basketball team how great a guy Winfield is, their response wouldn't be kind.

Has everyone already forgotten about that time when Minnesota basketball players and fans brutally attacked the Buckeyes during the final seconds of a tight game? Your magazine felt that the riot, in which Winfield played a prominent role, was serious enough to warrant a four-page article (*An Ugly Affair* in *Minneapolis*, Feb. 7, 1972). The subhead of the article said, "... the entire sport emerged with a black eye," which is a pretty powerful statement about something that isn't even talked about now.

I have nothing against Winfield for the money he's making. If the Yankees are willing to pay it, why shouldn't he take it? What I feel is unjust is that Ron LeFlore will always be labeled an ex-con and Darrell Porter a onetime alcoholic and drug addict while nobody even mentions this incident involving Winfield.

DON BARRIS
Saginaw, Mich.

MERLIN & STRANGE CO.

Sir:

That was an interesting article about Merlin Olsen and his recent endeavors as a TV color man and, now, as a character actor (*Tackling a New Career*, Jan. 19). But, to borrow an expression from Olsen, what is the world was he doing in your opening photograph with all these great big football players doled up in sweet little dresses and curly-top wigs? Were the seven giants by any chance trying to play Shirley Temple?

HARVEY NATHAN
New York City

★ Yes, and for a good cause. For the past seven years Olsen has served on the board of the Southern California chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society and, with his wife, Susan, co-chaired and helped organize an annual fund-raising event called *Champions vs. MS*. The dinner affair features celebrities from the entertainment world and members of local pro teams—the Rams, Dodgers, Angels, Lakers and Aztecs—all of whom volunteer to perform in various skits. SI's photographer caught Olsen & Co. backstage at last fall's show, just before the Shirley Temple Rams went on to sing and dance "special versions" of *Animal Crackers* in *My Soup and On the Good Ship Lollipop*.—ED

PAUL'S PRESENCE

Sir:

SI and Paul Zimmerman really nailed the Super Bowl in the article on this season's first Raider-Eagle game (*Preview of Super Bowl XV*, Dec. 1). Considering teams like the San Diego Chargers with Dan Fouts, the Cleveland Browns with Brian Sipe, the Houston Oilers with Ken Stabler and the Buffalo Bills with Joe Ferguson, who else would have thought that the Oakland Raiders and Jim Plunkett could go to New Orleans?

MARK PERLMAN
Indianapolis

Sir:

I commend Paul Zimmerman for his foresight. At the time, your readers agreed that the Eagles might go to Super Bowl XV, but the Raiders? No. Shame on those Oakland detractors. However, now they can sit back and enjoy one of the best Super Bowls of all time.

STEVEN A. BATZ
St. Ann, Mo.

Sir:

I wonder if Paul Zimmerman can tell us in advance who's going to win.

MIGUEL ENCUBANOS III
Marion, Ind.

★ See page 16.—ED.

COVERED



Left to right: Brent Musburger, Hank Stram, Jack Buck and Dick Stockton

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PAUL'S PICKS

Sir

"Dr. Z's" All-Pro team was pretty good overall (*Auditioning for the Eternal High-Light Film*, Jan. '5), but Los Angeles Rams cornerback Pat Thomas "gets a slight edge over Kansas City's Gary Green." I think K.C.'s Gary Barbaro is one of the best cornerbacks in the league. And Paul Zimmerman should remember Seattle Linebacker Michael Jackson for next year's All-Pro team.

JIM BOOK

Walla Walla, Wash.

Sir

Pat Thomas at cornerback? I suggest you try Lerner Purnish.

DAVE SCHWEN

South Bend, Ind.

Sir

Picking Pat Tilley over James Lofton at wide receiver was a mistake. In terms of number of yards gained on receptions, Lofton led the NFC with 1,226 on 71 catches and was the third-leading receiver in the league.

MICHAEL DeBONIS JR.

Trenton, N.J.

Sir

How can Paul Zimmerman pick Rich Saul over Mike Webster? I've been watching foot-

ball for more than 17 years, and Mike Webster is clearly the best center ever to step on a football field.

GARY CINEULO

Bethel Park, Pa.

Sir

Paul Zimmerman picked Bruce Lard of the Baltimore Colts as his All-Pro strong safety. I couldn't agree more!

MARC B. SINGER

Camden, N.J.

Sir

Who else besides Billy Sims for Rookie of the Year? Buffalo's Joe Cribbs. He did more for the Bills than Sims did for the Lions. Also the Bills had a better record and made the playoffs.

JOE MURPHY

St. Augustine, Fla.

Sir

I can tell you who else for Rookie of the Year, David Woodley of the Miami Dolphins. A part-timer at LSU in his senior year, he came to the Dolphins and took over for the injured regular quarterback and beat out the second-string quarterback. Woodley started the final 10 games, led the Dolphins to a 15-14 rout of the Rams, took the Chargers into overtime and appears to be a savior for the fal-

tering Dolphin receivers, who crave more balls thrown their way.

RON KRAMER

Sebensville, Pa.

Sir

I can't believe you left out Russ Francis of the New England Patriots. He is All-World. He also blocks better than Kellen Winslow or Dave Casper, a must for a tight end.

SCOT GATZKA

Auburn, Mich.

Sir

How could Paul Zimmerman pick Dave Jennings over Oakland's Ray Guy for his All-Pro punter? Also, shouldn't he at least have mentioned the Raiders' Tom Flores for Coach of the Year? I guess his choices aren't all that outrageous when one considers he predicted that Buffalo, Atlanta and Oakland would finish at the bottom of their divisions and that the Washington Redskins would win the NFC East (*Paul Zimmerman's Scouting Reports*, Sept. 8).

STUART TSANG

Oakland

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

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1. Install a smoke detector on the ceiling at the top of the stairs, near the bedrooms.
2. Install a second smoke detector on the main floor ceiling at the bottom of the stairs.
3. Install a third on the basement ceiling at the bottom of the stairway.

The first and second floor detectors should be units with built-in Escape Light™ to help light exit paths if power fails. All detectors

should be audible from the bedroom area, especially the master bedroom. If they are not, remote signaling detectors available with the First Alert Family Protection System should be used.

The First Alert Plan is a basic protection plan. It may be superseded by local ordinances. For instance, Los Angeles requires a smoke detector in each room used for sleeping purposes.

Remember, early warning could give you the most valuable moments in your life—extra moments to escape to safety.

The price of the smoke detectors required for the First Alert Plan is quite low. Right now, the price is even more attractive because Pittway is offering rebates of up to \$8.00 depending on the model selected. This Special Rebate Offer is good through May 31, 1981.



First Alert®
—PITWAY

America's leading producer of smoke detectors.

The all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda GLC. Just one look and you'll see its remarkable value versus Rabbit or Civic.

The all-new 1981 Mazda GLC was conceived, engineered and built to be nothing less than the new state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology.

Among its refinements is a more powerful yet more economical 1.5 litre engine. Advanced 4-wheel independent suspension. And a re-designed rack-and-pinion steering system. It's a sophisticated, high-quality car that may surprise you. Especially if you've driven others.

The all-new GLC is fun to

drive. The steering is light and precise. The shifting is quick and positive. The turning diameter, one of the shortest around. And the interior is one of the roomiest in its class. In



fact, this new GLC is bigger, faster, lighter, more aerodynamic and quieter than its predecessor. Yet offers substantially increased gas mileage!

35 EST. mpg **43** EST. hwy mpg



ADVANCED
FRONT WHEEL
DRIVE

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GLC Custom: a new generation of technical sophistication in front-wheel-drive economy cars.

- New 1.5 litre overhead cam 4-cyl. engine • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • 4-wheel independent suspension • Steel-belted radials • Split fold-down rear seat backs • Electric rear window defroster • Remote-control driver's door mirror • Reclining front bucket seats

1981 Mazda **\$5295****
GLC Custom

*EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom 3-door with 6-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom 3-door Hatchback. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary.

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